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Vol. CLXIX. No. 2194

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July 14, 1943



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LONDON
JULY 14, 1943

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Bertram Park

Lady Grenfell: A New Portrait

The wife of Lt.-Col. Lord Grenfell was Miss Elizabeth Shaughnessy before her marriage in 1932, and is the only daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Alfred Shaughnessy and of the Hon. Lady Legh. She has two brothers, the elder, Lt. T. B. Shaughnessy, is in the Welsh Guards, and the younger, Lt. A. J. Shaughnessy, is in the Grenadiers. Her stepfather, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, is Master of the King's Household. Lord Grenfell is in the 60th Rifles, and is at present serving abroad, while his wife is doing part-time work in a factory. They have a son and a daughter; Julian, aged eight, and Caroline, who is ten



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Offensive

HITLER'S anxiety to disown any responsibility for the new offensive in Russia caused some mystification in the first instance. It seemed so odd that armies should go into battle as the Germans did and that their people should be told that they did not launch the attack. The reason for this cannot be difficult to find. German morale is not in a state to withstand many more reverses. Hitler knows this better than anybody else and, therefore, when he found that the attack was not immediately successful he brought his propaganda machine into action. By this time the Germans had suffered heavy losses, and so the German propagandists began to shout that it was the Russians who had attacked.

It is all very confusing, but none will deny that this development provides an interesting picture of Germany in the fourth year of war. I think it is true that the Germans were compelled to attack. They could not allow the Eastern Front to remain static. It would have been bad for the morale of the German troops, for it would have justified their rising fears about Germany's future. Not only that, a German offensive on the Eastern Front had been promised many weeks before. The Russians had been sitting back waiting for it. It was not to their advantage to attack in the summer. Their best weather is in the winter-time, which is most disadvantageous to the Germans. Summer weather favours the Germans, and the Russians could not understand why they had not attacked. The Russians were not unduly troubled, for every

week that passed enabled them to grow stronger under the influence of their remarkable recuperative powers. The first days of the offensive showed how true this is. New reserves, new machines and new tactics enabled the Russians to hold the Germans.

Strategy

IT may be that the Germans decided to launch an offensive in order to distract their enemies. They may have argued that if the fighting flared up once more on the Eastern Front the armies of the Allies might be tempted to prolong their pause in the Mediterranean area, and even to put off invasion of the Continent while Russia once more took the brunt of the attack. The Germans are fully capable of thinking this way. Fortunately we know that the Allied commanders are not capable of acting in this manner. As soon as they are ready, blows will fall on the Germans from more than one direction, for there is a stronger spirit of co-ordination between Britain, Soviet Russia and the United States than at any previous time.

This co-ordination is helped considerably by the renewed confidence there is in our ultimate victory. There is now no such confidence anywhere in Germany, Italy, or Japan. In Germany and Italy the leaders are fighting a defensive war where once they were convinced that victory was round the corner. They know that their only hope is to win a political victory. Mussolini has revealed this in his speech to the Fascist Party Directorate. He told them that if the Allied invasion of the Continent failed the only hope of the Allies was to seek a political

understanding. How deluded must be Mussolini when he talks like this. Germany's strength is declining daily, Italy's has departed. The strength of the Allies increases every day and their determination has never wavered.

Caution

THE only explanation of the lull which has followed the victories in North Africa is the decision of the Allied commanders to strike full and finally when the right moment arrives. Obviously, they are not going to take any risks otherwise Mussolini might be proved right. There is no object in taking risks when you can be sure that your strength will increase and not decline. By this policy lives can be saved and victory can be made more certain. Germany and Italy are in the opposite position.

It is significant that more than fourteen days have passed without Germany dropping a bomb on this country by day or by night. This is the longest lull we have experienced since May 1941. There must be an explanation for it, and the only one must be that Hitler's air forces are so fully occupied elsewhere that he cannot spare them to bomb Britain. This does not mean that he has not got bombers in reserve and that when it suits him he will not use them. But it does mean that one of these days he will have to risk everything and use every machine to stave off final defeat.

Tragedy

THE tragic death of General Sikorski has fallen heavily on the patriots of Poland. If the Poles were anything but a proud and indomitable people it would be one of those blows of fate which spell finality. General Sikorski was, as Mr. Churchill has said, the embodiment of that spirit which has borne the Polish nation through centuries of sorrow, and is unquenchable by agony.

At the moment when Poland was overrun and there seemed to be little hope for her in the future, General Sikorski rose to the full height of his greatness. He went to France and there organised a new Polish Army, and when France was overrun he came to this country leading his men. In Britain and in the Middle East he had built up by his own example of courage and fortitude a fine fighting body of determined



The King Visits Eighth Army Wounded

While in the Middle East the King spent a day in Tripoli with the Eighth Army. During a very busy day he visited a hospital for British troops, accompanied by Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery, and talked to many of the patients



Lord Trenchard in the Middle East

Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East, welcomed Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard at the airfield, on his arrival in the Middle East, after visiting North Africa



Bertram Park

Victims of an Air Crash: General Sikorski, His Daughter, and Chief of Staff

Above, General Sikorski is seen walking with Gen. Anders, C.-in-C. of the Polish Forces, Middle East. Gen. Anders was the man who organised the transfer of Polish Forces from Russia

The Polish Prime Minister, killed in an air crash near Gibraltar, left London six weeks previously to visit Polish troops in Iraq and other countries of the Middle East. It was during the return journey that he met his death



Mme Lesniewska, the general's daughter, and his Chief of Staff, Major-Gen. Klimecki, were amongst the eight people killed in the crash, who included Lt.-Col. Victor Cazalet, M.P., who was liaison officer to the Polish Forces

men, of whom he said a few days before his death: "They are spoiling for the fight."

Succession

OBVIOUSLY it will be difficult for any Pole quickly to succeed to the position occupied by General Sikorski. He had impressed on all to whom he had come into contact—and not least on Marshal Stalin—the strength of his personality. All knew that they could trust him, all knew that the rebirth of a free Poland was his one and only aim and that for himself he had no personal ambition.

He had some prejudices, however, and his quarrel with the late Marshal Pilsudski may have left its mark. The Pilsudski tradition is strong in Poland as it is in all capitals where Poles are gathered. General Sikorski never tried to build on this tradition. His successors are expected to take more account of this spirit than he did. Another change is also likely. General Sikorski was Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief. This is to be altered. The Commander-in-Chief's position will be separated from that of the Prime Minister. General Sosnkowski will probably become Commander-in-Chief; whilst M. Stanislas Mikolajczyk, who has been acting as Prime Minister, will be confirmed in that post.

Inquiry

HOW General Sikorski met his death, and by what cause has not been fully established. It may have been one of those accidents of fate, a sudden stalling of the machine in the face of a strong wind. But whatever the cause, it is certain to increase the anxiety which has been felt about Mr. Churchill's frequent flights. He will be urged to be more careful in future. The same caution will be exercised by the King's advisers, knowing how anxious His Majesty is to travel from place to place following his successful journey to and from Africa.

Transfer

MR. FREEMAN MATTHEWS, who has been Minister in the American Embassy in London, is shortly returning to Washington as head of the European Department in the State Department. This is an important change. Mr. Matthews has not been in London very long. Previously he was with Admiral Leahy's Embassy in Vichy, and is presumed to have

played an influential part in the formulation of America's policy towards France. Mr. Matthews's transfer to Washington must mean that the State Department intend to continue their policy which refuses to recognise the position General de Gaulle has built up in France. The fact that General Giraud is now recognised as a State Department nominee is not proving too popular. Certainly it is not popular in France, where he is little known, and it is becoming less favourably regarded in the United States, where suddenly General de Gaulle's name is beginning to have influence. The whole business is unfortunate, but it seems that time alone will clear up the many misconceptions and misunderstandings which have arisen.

Visitor

DR. HERBERT EVATT, the Australian Minister for External Affairs, arrived in London only a few days before the Australian Parliament was dissolved by Mr. Curtin, and it is extremely unlikely that he will be able to get back in time to fight his election campaign. But in modern times such a difficulty can be overcome comparatively easily by the aid of wireless. Several mornings a week Dr. Evatt has spoken to the people of Australia, and particularly to his constituents, and I am told his speeches have been most effective. In London, Dr. Evatt is sitting in the War Cabinet and renewing his contacts with ministers and departments. He has established the closest friendship with Mr. Churchill, whom he refers to as "old-timer."



The Leader of a Famous Expedition, With a Major-General

The man behind the beard is Brigadier Charles Orde Wingate, who commanded the small force of British soldiers which penetrated 200 miles behind the enemy's lines in Burma. The party returned after three months, bringing valuable information as to Japanese dispositions and defences. With the brigadier is a major-general, who commanded the troops covering the return of the penetration force

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Moon is Down

By James Agate

I BEGIN with an apology. But first let us have a little ancient history. In the autumn of 1921 I had the honour of being appointed dramatic critic to the *Saturday Review*. My first article was about a play by Michael Morton called *Woman to Woman*. My second article was about two Chaplin films, *The Kid*, and *Shoulder Arms*. Presuming that the reader gives me leave, I shall quote a few lines from the second article:—

To meet his woes Charlie arms his wistful soul, even as we do. He is too small for big battles; the *toga virilis* sits not well upon him. Indeed, it is not assumed. For when, at the end of the play, the Kid is received into sheltering arms and Charlie is received too, we know which of the twin stands in the greater need of succour. *The Kid* is the best film Chaplin has made, and it looks as though he may be on the point of realising which way his finer genius lies. Happy the artist who, with his buffoonery and pot-boiling days behind him, is at liberty to give the world the best of his art. I know that many people look upon Charlie Chaplin as a figure frolicsome and free. "Hey, but he's doleful!" seems to me the more fitting note, and the one I think the artist himself will probably strike in the future.

A few weeks later Filson Young, an editor of vision, commanded me to have a look at a revival of *Way Down East*, after which the paper took to interlarding its theatre notices with articles on the cinema. All that is twenty-two years ago, and perhaps the film section of the Critics' Circle would like to give me the name of any film critic who was functioning before that date. In the absence of such information I regard myself as the *doyen* of film-criticism. So what? asks the impatient reader. Which brings me to my apology.

ONE would have thought that the British Film Institute, which appears to have invited all my colleagues to see their revival of *The Great Train Robbery*, *The Life of Charles Peace*, and a group of early Chaplin comedies, would have included in their invitation the film critic who has been longest in the business. But no. Is it possible that the Institute has never heard of me? Perhaps it is unaware that I have contributed the film articles to this paper for the last sixteen years? Can it be that it has never heard of *The Tatler*? The questions are rhetorical. Here, I think, is merely one more instance of the Cinema running true to form: that form being that the fifth greatest industry in the world knows less about organisation than a Ragged School. In any case, I offer my apologies to readers of *The Tatler* for my failure to cover what I am assured on all sides was a most delightful occasion.

AND now for a few words on *The Moon is Down* (Tivoli). Of course, if any German officers have brains some of them must realise that you can conquer the bodies of men but not their souls. (I think, by the way, that this theory can be overdone. Unless I am dreaming, some high-brow has just written a study of the events of 1066 having for title *William the Defeated*!) Of course, some German officers have heard of Brahms and like his music. Of course, some of them remember their Heine, even if they dare not quote him. Of course, some of these boastful conquerors are nervous wrecks afraid of being stabbed

in the back on dark nights. Of course, Mr. Steinbeck, being a considerable artist, could not help producing a considerable work of art on this theme. My opinion, however, is that he should have produced it after the war, since the impact of it is bound to lessen detestation of, and increase sympathy with, the individual Nazi. Am I arguing that a good work of art may be a poor piece of patriotism? Yes, I am. War brings many things in its train, and one of them is the re-assessment of values. Every fool knows that in time of peace art and morals have nothing to do with each other. In time of war art must be patriotic or shut up.

THESE considerations apart, *The Moon is Down* is a reasonably good film. It is not as effective as the play in itself and because the two principal parts are not nearly so well acted as they are at the Whitehall Theatre. I am afraid that Cedric Hardwicke has never really got over Arnold of Rugby; his Nazi Colonel is the most English thing Hollywood has ever produced. Or perhaps Cedric's notion of acting is not mine. He is content with a façade, a tone of voice, a set of shoulder and a strut which he uses throughout; not once does he vary his look, accent, deportment or gait. Henry Travers, too, as the Mayor, is not nearly so effective as Lewis Casson. Travers is an admirable comedian, but one just doesn't feel that he has ever heard of Socrates, and I have an instinctive feeling that mayors going nobly to their death should not remind one of W. C. Fields. Once again one asks the old question: Why hasn't Hollywood the sense to cast unknown actors? I have never to my knowledge seen Peter van Eyck or Henry Rowland, and they are immensely impressive. Why not an unrecognisable Colonel and Mayor? And, of course, we get the old answer: Filmgoers, like theatre-goers, want names.

PENULTIMATE quibble. Why is there at Hollywood nobody to see that the Norwegians speak English and not Americanese? A young Norwegian is asked at his trial why he killed the German officer. He replies: "I guess I was mad." In English-speaking countries this amounts to a plea of insanity. What Hollywood

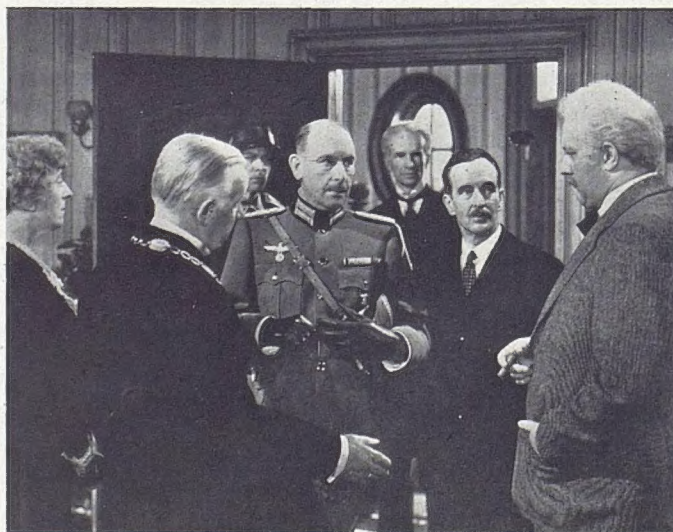
means is that he reckons he was angry. Then why not say so? Last, final quibble. Why, with the hymn for the ten who are hanged still in our ears, must the Tivoli panatrophe burst into Strauss's *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*? A Jewish friend with me said he wondered they didn't play it *during* the execution. Hypercriticism apart, this film is a respectable piece of work. Even were it less respectable it would be a change from that one about the chorus girl who becomes a star overnight.

SOME years ago we saw a picture called *It Happened One Night*. In those remote peaceful days this film was considered rather daring. Well, and what happened in *It Happened One Night*? As far as I recollect, the story culminated in a scene in a bedroom, or rather two bedrooms, in which an enamoured couple could not go to sleep and dared not remain awake. Needless to say, the odious barrier whatever it was, was removed later and the lovers united.

A SIMILAR incident happens in George Stevens's new film, *The More the Merrier* (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion). Here the imminence of such a situation is obvious from the start. A sweet government employee (Jean Arthur) patriotically resolves to share her small flat in Washington—the film is contemporary—with a suitable lady lodger. But instead of a lady appears a middle-aged industrial magnate (Charles Coburn) who wheedles Joan into sub-letting him half her flat at twelve dollars a week. Why the industrial magnate, who could well afford to live at a good hotel and eventually does, should want to brush off all the potential lodgers waiting outside—rooms being obviously scarce in Washington—and employ so much art and eloquent oratory to acquire accommodation too meagre to swing a cat, we are not told.

ENTER now Joel McCrea, also looking for a room. In Jean's absence Charles sub-lets him half of his own half of the flat for six dollars a week. This prepares us for some farcical situations during which the owner of the flat returns, the lodgers hide, the three steal in and out of each other's rooms, hear sounds of shower baths, discover strange articles of clothing, and emerge half-shaven or half-covered with cold cream. And Jean says, not unexpectedly: "What are you doing in my flat?" And: "You will both move out at once."

YOU have seen all this before. Possibly, madam. But this film is a very slick, smart, amusing, and sometimes witty film. There is nothing very novel in it, it is true, and the most naive spectator will guess that Jean, engaged to a stuffy government official (Richard Gaines) will ultimately fall in love with Joel—what girl wouldn't?—and marry him instead. Perhaps the little twist at the end, where Charles persuades Joel to marry Jean quickly—he is going to Africa in a couple of days—to save her from the compromising effects of a police visit the night before, and the couple agree to a—what shall I call it?—sexless marriage, and although now man and wife, retire to separate rooms for the night, where they sigh and groan for each other—perhaps all this struck me as a little far-fetched. But there's not much excitement to be got out of a married couple anyway, so I suppose George Stevens thought he might as well try to tickle our jaded palates with a spot of temporarily frustrated nuptial bliss.



John Steinbeck's "The Moon is Down"

The Nazi Commandant (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) tells the Mayor (Henry Travers), his wife (Margaret Wycherly) and his friend, Dr. Winter (Lee J. Cobb) that the town storekeeper (E. J. Ballantine) is a quisling



Jean Arthur has sublet her spare room under protest to match-making Charles Coburn, who in turn has let half of it to Joel McCrea. The second tenant is discovered when Jean is not looking her best



A time-table—who uses the bathroom first and for how long—is all right in theory, but it doesn't work out in practice

Three's Company

houses are as Short in Wartime Washington as Laughs are Plentiful in "The More the Merrier"

The male cuckoo in the female nest (two cuckoos are even better) is a good Hollywood formula. Add to taste intimate intrusions and love in suspense; hang on a topical peg (the housing shortage in overcrowded Washington); sweeten with a sensitive love scene and the answer is *The More the Merrier* (Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion) with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea and Charles Coburn in sparkling form



After the night club (where Charles outmaneuvers Jean's toupeed fiancé) comes the love scene—and so to beds



From one bedroom to another, through the walls and through the windows, the conversations between the inmates never flag. Joel, under notice to quit, has just handed Jean a note of apology, followed by a nicely fitted dressing-case, and is allowed to stay on for two more nights. The tenants were caught in the act of reading her diary



Married at last, but only for convenience—to redeem a girl's reputation after F.B.I. men have started a spy charge. All ends well, for Charles has thoughtfully removed the bedroom wall

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Living Room (Garrick)

ONCE upon a time there were two kindly old maids named Vicky and Deborah who lived with Molly, their niece, in a fool's paradise somewhere up north. They were neither rich nor poor, but just comfortable. Their father had left them a little house property for what they had fondly assumed was life. And since Molly, their only relative, was an orphan, they had adopted her and devoted themselves to her education. Molly was studying to be a doctor, and the fees took some finding. But they had hearts of gold, and the fees were found.

They were charitable old ladies, and addicted to jumble sales, in the artful organisation of which they were perfect dabs. At least Vicky was. She could tell at a glance (or a

auspices were favourable, the aunts were happy, their persiflage free. There might be occasional friction—nothing serious, of course—when a ninepenny ball-dress strayed, not altogether inadvertently, into the sixpenny pile; for Mrs. Gover, who got all the kudos and did none of the work, would keep calling and poking the stuff about.

Then a more serious caller arrived: fate itself, in the person of their family solicitor. He came, not to bandy quips and compliments on sale prospects, but to discuss the rigours and intricacies of the housing laws, which were about to be applied harshly to them. For, alas! the fool's paradise in which they were living had worse than precarious foundations. It had none at all. Their already strained little income, derived (indeed collected by Deborah in person) from rents, was in grave danger. Theirs was slum property, about to be condemned and cleared, without prospect of compensation for them. They would lose all. They would be ruined. Vicky took the blow with genteel fortitude, and hushed Deborah's impulsive despair. There was, or seemed to be, nothing they could do but keep the news from Molly, and await the worst.

In such predicaments it was not unusual (according to old-fashioned story-tellers) for a *deus ex machina*, or fairy, to appear and take charge. Vicky and Deborah, however, were not so blessed. And with Molly's exam. so near, and her lover just about to declare himself, a nice hot cup of coffee and stiff upper lips were *de rigueur*, come tomorrow what might. Thus the romantic, the pathetic, heroism and sociology united to give the story its dramatic stiffening.

It would not be fair to disclose the dénouement that provided them all with a happy issue out of these afflictions. Sufficient to say that it was no miracle, but a plan both practical and exciting. At the same time, it might be thought that, in presenting this modest little comedy after two such striking successes as her *Quiet Wedding* and *Quiet Weekend*, Miss Esther McCracken gave hostages to good



Love on the dole. Tom Pryce (Charles Lamb) tells his wife (Eileen Beldon) that he's got a job at last

fortune. For *Living Room*, if more warm-hearted, is less technically tidy than its predecessors. It betrays the prentice hand, is novelettish in style, and seems less confidently at home on the stage. Perhaps it is an earlier play, for which the author has a jealous fondness, as for a work its kindred have outshone.

There is unpretentious fun for those who like it; and for those whose taste is for higher, not to say sociological, things, there is the plot's harder core. The two old ladies are disarming characters, and Miss Louise Hampton and Miss Nellie Bowman give them the full benefit of their experienced art. Miss Jane Baxter is their charming niece, Mr. Philip Cunningham her staunch betrothed. As an outraged purveyor of fish and chips, whom the slum clearance also threatens with ruin, Mr. Lloyd Pearson fills an effective little scene with vigorous human nature; and Miss Eileen Beldon's long-suffering daily help is a sterling study of poor brave wife-and-motherhood as clever as true.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

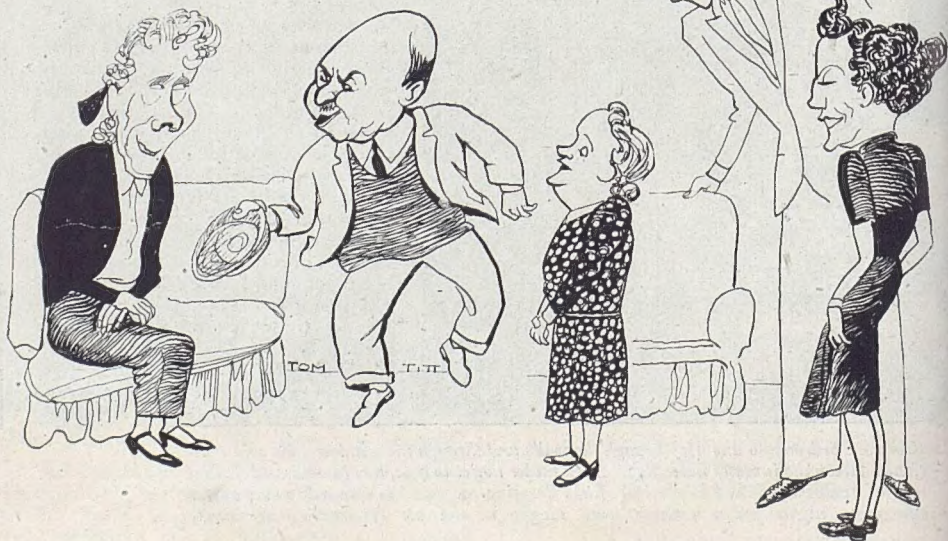
Rich man's wife. The boss of the jumble sale (Dorothy Millar) drops another brick

cautious shake) just the selling category into which smudged pink satin bed-jackets, say, or damaged peignoirs should go to excite the bargain-hunting cupidity of the poor. The pricing of the most baffling junk was mere ABC to Vicky, and her comments, thereon were racy. Deborah, on the other hand, was better at running errands and acting as whimsical chorus. Both had a shrewd sense of fun.

They had often said after one of their sale triumphs: "Never again!" But they simply couldn't resist it; and when we first met them, they were rag-sorting and junk-disparaging like the old war-horses they were. Raw material, everything from cast-off clothes to imperfect bric-a-brac, was coming in well; and the piles of priced and classified stall-fodder were mounting.

Molly, too, was preoccupied; for it was the eve of a vital exam., and at any moment now she might be proposed to by the worthy young Medical Officer of Health whose career, when she was qualified, she hoped to emulate. The

The dispossessed fish and chips man tells his troubles. Left to right: Louise Hampton, Lloyd Pearson, Nellie Bowman, Philip Cunningham, Jane Baxter





Shopping Expedition

Two Popular Singers

Webster Booth and Anne Ziegler
At Their Barnet Home



The Fan Mail Needs Daily Attention



Webster and Anne Inspect Their Vines

Webster Booth and his wife, Anne Ziegler, two of the radio's most popular performers, have been scoring a tremendous success as Francois Villon and Katherine de Vaucelles in the revival of *The Vagabond King* at the Winter Garden. This is their first appearance in a musical play, and after a very successful London season they are now going on tour in the show. Webster Booth started singing as a chorister at Lincoln Cathedral, and has sung in Gilbert and Sullivan operas and at Covent Garden. Anne Ziegler, Liverpool-born, realised her great ambition—to star in a show in her home town—during the pre-London tour of *The Vagabond King*. Mr. and Mrs. Webster Booth have a charming house at Friern, Barnet, where these pictures were taken

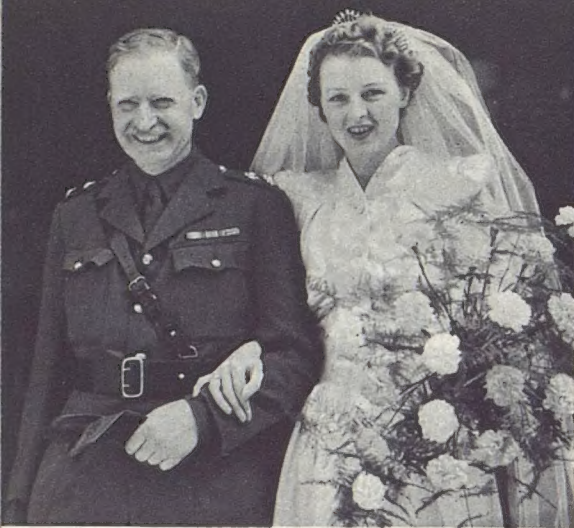


Introducing "Smoky" and the Cat

Photographs by
Pictorial Press

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Combe

Lt. Thomas Abdy Combe, Grenadier Guards, son of the late J. A. Combe, and Mrs. Combe, married Miss Iris Grattan Power at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. She is the daughter of the late Major Grattan Power and Mrs. Grattan Power



Major and Mrs. J. Arbuthnot

Major John Sinclair-Wemyss Arbuthnot, R.A., elder son of the late Major K. W. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Arbuthnot, of Wedderburn Castle, Duns, married Miss Jean Duff, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Duff, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Palace Party

THE afternoon party which the Queen gave at Buckingham Palace in celebration of the fourth birthday of the Women's Land Army was one of the jolliest and most informal gatherings at the Palace since the war. Three hundred girls, picked from every county, shook hands with Her Majesty and with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, in the Bow Room, and then had a buffet tea in the Grand Hall, their green jerseys and fawn breeches making an unusual colour pattern against the crimson carpet and the fluted pillars of white and gold.

The Queen, bare-headed and in an afternoon gown of beige, with long kid gloves in the same shade, moved freely among her guests as they stood chatting and smoking cigarettes, and made them feel thoroughly welcome and at home. The Princesses remained in one corner, where they talked eagerly to the farm girls about their own experiences helping with the haymaking and other farming jobs. Both Princesses had on necklaces of graded pearls, Princess Elizabeth's of three strings, Princess Margaret's of two, and while it was Princess Elizabeth who took the major share in the talking, her younger sister, who has a family reputation as a humorist, interjected dry remarks from time to time that set the land-girls laughing.

Tall, fair-haired Countess Spencer, in attendance on the Queen, wore the W.L.A. badge on her arm; she works hard for the land-girls' organisation in between her periods of duty at the Palace; and the Duchess of Northumberland, Mistress of the Robes, was also with the Queen.

After tea, officials passed the word round that the girls might go into the Palace gardens; and many of them strolled round the converted royal flower-beds, examining their wartime vegetable crops with a professionally critical eye.

The New Viceroy

ONE of the busiest men in London just now is Viscount Wavell, Viceroy-Designate, who, following the example of other military men raised to the peerage, has decided to retain his family name in his new title. The amount of preliminary work that has to be done in

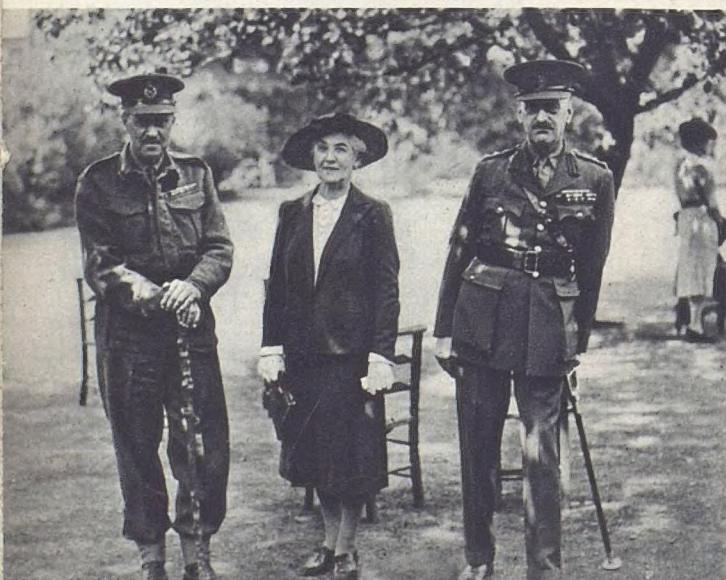
England by a new Viceroy before he can go out to take up his office is astonishing, even in the case of one who, like the Field-Marshal already has a profound knowledge of the general situation and conditions in India. Apart from such comparatively minor matters as getting kit and other necessities for a stay of several years in India, he has nearly every minute of his days taken up with conferences at the India Office, in Downing Street and elsewhere, as well as quite a number of formal appearances in public, such as at the Guildhall reception to the Prime Minister, when Viscount Wavell got the biggest cheer of anyone next to the guest of the day. But, in spite of all his preoccupations, the new Viceroy finds time to look in fairly frequently at White's, where, unfamiliar in his civilian clothes, he remained totally unrecognised in a group of members for a full hour the other morning.

Musical Party

MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER, who is tall, grey-haired and handsome, revived the musicals for which her house, 48, Park Street, Mayfair, was famous in pre-war days, at the Dorchester, where tea was followed by an hour's music in the Orchid Room.

A clever young Australian protégée of hers, Valda Aveling, from Sydney, played Chopin, Debussy and the delicious *Little White Donkey*, by Obert, with both taste and touch. The hostess, who is a mezzo-soprano, sang a group of ballades with great subtlety and charm. The late Mr. Washington Singer was a great racing figure, owner of Orwell, who won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1932, and Muscato, whose famous name Mrs. Washington Singer wears in diamonds to this day; her daughter, Diana, was born on the day Muscato won the Hunt Cup at Ascot.

Among people listening to the music were Mrs. Charles Buckley, who had come from the Palace, where her nephew, Capt. Sherbrooke, had just been invested with the V.C.; Eve Turner, fresh from her night-before triumph at the Proms; Lady Shakespeare; the lovely Australian, Lady (Charles) McCann, who wore a veil with her real Toreador hat brought from Madrid by her son; the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm



Oxford Garden Party

Johnson, Oxford

Major-Gen. L. A. Hawes is seen here with Colonel Sir Harold and Lady Percival, at an officers' garden party organised by the Y.W.C.A., which was held in the gardens of Christ Church, Oxford. Sir Harold Percival is Steward of Christ Church



Inspection in Worcestershire

Richardson, Worcester

The Worcestershire Yeomanry, R.A., were recently inspected by the Hon. Colonel, Viscount Cobham. Some of those who watched the proceedings were Lady Barbara Smith, Countess Beauchamp, Viscountess Deerpur and Viscountess Cobham. Lady Barbara Smith is a daughter of the ninth Earl of Coventry

Bowes-Lyon and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Chaplin; Lea Seidl, head bound up in a crimson West Indian turban, who had to hurry off to play in *Claudia*; Princess Wolkonsky, always so kind and friendly to everyone; Sir Ronald Storrs, sitting with Princess de Polignac; Lady (John) Latta; Lady Max-Müller; Olga Lynn, in a dress printed with Botticelli-like flowers; Lady Ossory (now Lady Ormonde), sitting with Lady Dalrymple Champneys (in a sailor cap and a white jacket) and Lady Drogheda, in a big red hat, with the Hon. Mrs. Brooke; Mrs. Littlejohn Cooke; the Dowager Lady Swaythling; Col. Bernado Albini, and the hostess's two daughters, Mrs. Edgar Barker, who looks after the family racing stud in Wilts., and the Hon. Mrs. Fred Hennessy.

Lunch and Dinner

CLARIDGES, always a favourite haunt for Sunday lunch, lived up to its reputation the other Sunday. The young Marquis and Marchioness of Townshend had a family party, which included their own small daughter, who is at the "toddler" age, and the Marquis's only sister, Lady Elizabeth White, with her small son, a toddler too. Master White was quite the smartest man in the room in a shirt and trousers of striped gingham. Capt. Jimmy and the Hon. Mrs. Innes, and Lady Ebury joined the party for a drink before lunch.

Lady Ebury, who was looking very nice in navy-blue, has been living in Berkshire with her small son, born last year, while her husband went out to North Africa with the First Army. Lady Ebury's two younger sisters, the Hon. Mrs. Lyle and the Countess Cadogan, are living with their children at their mother's house in Sussex. Her eldest sister, Joan—Princess Aly Khan—is still in the Middle East with her husband and two little sons. The Aly Khan has had a post as liaison officer out there since 1940. He and his wife have a house in Cairo and another at Beyrout, where Princess Aly Khan and her children go in the hot weather. Many officers returning from the Middle East have spoken of the kindness and hospitality of this young couple in their two homes.

The Hon. Mrs. Gardner was another having a cooling drink before lunch, with Lord Delamere and Major Dudley Norton. Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger was hatless, and so was Mrs. Roddy Thesiger, who is the baby sister of the Countess of Dudley and Lady O'Neil. The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood came into lunch accompanied by Captain Jack Clayton.

Dining another night at the Mirabell were Viscount and Viscountess Bury; the latter, who works so hard with her mother, the Marchioness of Londonderry, with the Women's Legion mobile canteens, was looking so cool on

a hot night in a simple printed frock. Major-Gen. Willoughby Norrie was another diner; his wife, who was Miss Patricia Bainbridge before her marriage, has just had a daughter.

Viscount Scarsdale, in khaki, and looking very fit, was dining à deux.

Edwardian Memories

THE PRINCESS ROYAL slipped in quietly to have an informal little lunch with her lady-in-waiting at the newly-founded Netherlands House, which occupies 16, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the town house of the late Mrs. Ronald Greville. Lunching in what used to be the State dining-room, now filled by many small tables, must have evoked memories for the Princess, for she had often honoured that great Edwardian hostess with her presence at a big dinner in that very same room. The green brocade walls and thick green carpet are still there, but gone are the fine pictures which almost covered the walls. In the morning room, too, the red damask-covered walls are practically blank, though in the big overmantel where Mrs. Greville's portrait in jeune fille white, with the traditional blue sash and broad-brimmed hat of her girlhood, used to be, there is now an immense photograph of Queen Wilhelmina.

Bedfordshire Bulletin

NEWS from Bedfordshire includes tidings that Lady Melchett, running the estate for her husband, who is up to his eyes in work with I.C.I., of which he is vice-chairman, has become an expert butter-maker; of the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's brother, commanding a battalion of the local Home Guard, whose attractive wife, formerly Betty Cator (her mother died the other day), one of the Queen's bridesmaids, works in an armament factory; of the Hon. Pearl Lawson-Johnston, now become a very good speaker with plenty of practice in her capacity of County Organiser for the W.V.S., a job which she took over on the death of her mother, Lady Luke; of Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Chief Lady Welfare Officer of the County, who has now, in addition, become Lady County Cadet Officer, and took 300 of her cadets to an American post, where they were inspected by Col. Coleman, an American who knows England well, and has been hunting with the Oakley; and of Lady Stewart, wife of Sir Malcolm, Commissioner for the Special Areas, who has happily at last recovered from her long illness.

In a Courtyard

PAVED, open-air enclosures, whether vine-trimmed or not, deliciously suggest abroad, especially if the sun shines really bravely as

(Concluded on page 56)



Artist and Ambadress

An exhibition of portraits by the Hon. Mrs. Sebastian Earl, daughter of Lord Maugham, entitled "Who Are the Americans?" was recently opened in London by the American Ambassador. Above are Mrs. Earl and Mrs. Winant



Portrait and Model

Lt.-Cdr. Barry Bingham, U.S. Navy, was at the opening of Mrs. Sebastian Earl's exhibition, and is seen looking at her portrait of himself



Happy Family

Swaabe

F/O Charles and Mrs. Pretzlik were married last April. She was the widow of Capt. M. L. Pilkington, and was formerly Susan Henderson. Her son, Simon Pilkington, is seen with them



The Deputy Prime Minister at Home

This picture was taken on one of the rare occasions when Mr. Attlee was able to get down to his home at Stanmore. He is seen in the garden with Mrs. Attlee, his son, Martin, and his sixteen-year-old daughter, Felicity. A great friend of the family is Mary, the goat



Dancing on the Lawn. Left to right: Rosemary Jolly, Rose Ann Davies, Dilys Buxton-Knight, Irlin Hall (in centre), Yvette Milward, Shelagh Bourke, Myrtle Joseph, Jillian Palmer

Past, Present and Future

Drama Students of To-day—Stage Stars of To-morrow?
The Webber-Douglas School Carries on Down in Sussex



A Group on the Terrace at Rother Hill. "J.D." is in the left foreground, next to Dulcie Gray and Michael Dennison. Ellen O'Malley and her fox-terrier Tony are, as usual, inseparable

● These pictures were taken during a visit to Rother Hill, Stedham, near Midhurst, where the Webber-Douglas School of Singing and Dramatic Art has found country quarters for the past two years. Three old Webber-Douglasites—Dulcie Gray, her husband, Michael Dennison and David Carr—came down for the day. Most of the students are boarders and are well known in the neighbourhood for their special performances for war funds. They are also kept busy visiting camps with plays and a concert party. The Singing branch of the School was started in 1926 by Amherst Webber and W. Johnstone-Douglas, who for many years were associated with that famous singer and teacher, Jean de Reszke. Six years later a Dramatic branch was established, and from humble beginnings has risen to being one of the best schools of acting in London, largely owing to the teaching of Miss Ellen O'Malley, through whose hands every student passes. Before the war, plays and operas were regularly given in the School's little theatre in Clareville Street, and the Chanticleer Opera Company, consisting of past members of the School, was active both in London and at the many schools it visited. Among the students who have made good are Barbara Mullen, Pamela Stanley, Victoria Hopper, Geoffrey Hibbert and Edmund Donlevy, one of the leading baritones of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The Staff Table. W. Johnstone-Douglas (the Director); Dulcie Gray, Josephine Jervell, a Norwegian girl; Ellen O'Malley; Michael Dennison, an old student and Dulcie Gray's husband; Rose Ann Davies; "Kay" Darter (housekeeper); David Carr, another old student, now in "The Russians" at the Playhouse



A Dip into the Past. Madeline Armitage, Jane Fergusson, Rosaline Haddon (daughter of Peter Haddon, now in the Middle East, and Cicely Courtneidge's niece), Frank Tregear and Ann Robinson discuss the School register with the Dennisons, both old Webber-Douglasites



A Limbering Class at Work in the "Theatre"



A Rehearsal of "Ladies in Retirement"

Left to right: June Hooper (stage manager), Joan Craik, Yvette Milward, Aderyn Kerbey, Irlin Hall, Elizabeth Foster



An Arabesque on the Terrace

By Irlin Hall, one of the senior students, who is as good a singer as she is a dancer



Dulcie Gray—"Old Girl" Down for the Day

Dulcie Gray is an old student of '37-'39 who made a hit in "Brighton Rock," at the Garrick. She has played leading parts in repertory at Aberdeen (with her husband), Edinburgh, Glasgow and Harrogate; broadcast in the long radio serial "Front Line Family"; played Hermia, Bianca and Maria with Robert Atkins in Regent's Park; and Alexandra in "The Little Foxes," at the Piccadilly. She is now rehearsing for "Altitude 14,000," a play to be tried out at Cambridge by John Gielgud. Her husband, Michael Dennison, was a member of the Westminster Theatre Company before joining the Army. He is now a Lieutenant in the Intelligence Corps



Bathing-dress Parade. Margaret Meyer (at back), Josephine Jervell, June Hooper, Cherry London, Elizabeth Foster, Aderyn Kerbey, Joan Craik, Beryl Robinson. Rother Hill belongs to Captain and Mrs. Cobb, who are living in a small house in the grounds. Captain Cobb is M.P. for Preston

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BOGUS titles are perturbing the Editor of Debrett, we perceive from his recent cry to *Auntie Times*. Snide baronets and fake knights are marrying the dazzled daughters of the Island Race like one o'clock, apparently. Maybe it serves the Race right for its ridiculous snobbery.

The racket is nothing new, of course, having come in on a gorgeous scale with the Renaissance, when most of the big boys of Europe began deriving their lineage from kings, emperors, and heroes of antiquity such as Hector and Hercules, and any new boy coming along on the wings of Dough discovered at least a marquis in his ancestry. The *Heralds' Colleges* of the period cashed in on the racket with great zest and zing and produced full documentary evidence, including whacking family trees with armorial fal-lals exquisitely engrossed on thick smooth parchment in glorious technicolour. Their services were needed most urgently in England, where Henry VIII's new nobility—most of the old English titles died out in the War of the Roses—had made their packet out of the loot of the English Monasteries and wanted to settle down. It has always seemed to us only right that for robbing churches in a small way citizens are slung nowadays into the hoosegow. That teaches them the sacred meaning of Big Business.

As the Editor of Debrett intimates, you can't annul Baby's marriage merely because Capt. Sir Rollo Sangazure turns out to be 2nd Lieut. Alf Higgs. The suggested remedy—did you guess?—is to buy a copy of Debrett (Adv't.).

Reprieve

NOT even in a well-cocked grey topper and natty Ascot suitings, with Zeiss race-glasses slung at the correct angle and a hard glint in our eye, have we ever been able to appear to any bookie as anything but a born "natural" or mug, so we won't try and put across you an artful reminiscent piece we had in mind about the recent ploughing-up for farming purposes of the Brocklesby course at Lincoln, full of knowing technical stuff and two-year-olds, copied from seasoned experts like "Sabretache" and Mr. Dick Luckman.

It seems to have shaken the real racing chaps pretty badly, but they'll get over it, just as hunting men are getting over the wholesale shooting and poisoning of foxes. Heaven has provided ample spiritual consolation for both types. Racing men have Ruff's Guide and their old betting-books, hunting men have the works of Surtees, "Nimrod," and "Brooksby," and old bound volumes of *The Field*; so you may say



"Here it is, Emily—on the line again!"

Secret

NO professional hunting journalist has ever touched on this delicate point, least of all "Nimrod" and "Brooksby," who take the approved line that everybody present is a raging tearing devil with a spare neck in his pocket. "The pace was too good to enquire" is one of "Nimrod's" celebrated tough cracks when somebody takes a nasty bump and the field streams on. What he really means is that behind every mottled Mohock mask the bones are twittering like anguished sparrows lest some frightful leathery woman has read the truth. Keep it under your topper.

Rap

AS one of the *Times* Nature boy's most dogged fans, we don't think he need have been quite so cagey the other day with a Fleet Street naturalist who wrote that "a small brown humming-bird" had been seen in Kent, instead of an insect called the "humming-bird hawk-moth." The chap may have been a borderline sex-case, used to seeing brown humming-birds.

The case of Mme. G... of Berlin will instantly occur to Freud students. Mme. G... complained of being persecuted by mauve humming-birds, also of being followed everywhere in dreams by a Herr K... of Tübingen, mounted on tiny wheels, who kept striking at her with a glass bicycle-pump filled with liqueur chocolates. This was an obvious case of the polymorphously perverse and mal-adjusted introvert with unbalanced thyroid and pituitaries, lacking group-consciousness and automotor control.

(Continued on page 46)



"Even if I do show him I'm scared, I've half a mind to run for it"

Dining Out in London



Lady Cecilia Anson was in a party at the Bagatelle one night, with Mr. John Ewart, Mr. D. le Poer Trench and Miss Patricia Bailey. Lady Cecilia is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield



A foursome at the Bagatelle were Mrs. D. Stopford-Adams, Lord Reay, Mrs. George Kidston and Major D. Stopford-Adams. Lord Reay comes of a Dutch family and was naturalised British in 1938. He is Chief of the Clan Mackay



Another party at the Bagatelle included Mrs. Edward Tennant, Mr. Heber-Percy and Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith. Mrs. Tennant is the widow of G/Capt. J. E. Tennant, R.A.F.V.R., and is Sir Michael's only sister



Right: Viscount Forbes, the Earl of Granard's elder son, and Mrs. Robin Campbell shared a table at the Bagatelle. He is a Wing Commander, R.A.F.V.R., and has won the A.F.C. and the Polish Cross of Valour

Below: the Countess of Craven, widow of the fifth Earl and mother of the present peer, was dining with her twin brother, Air Vice-Marshal R. George, who recently returned from Tunisia



Dining at Quaglino's one night were Capt. Jack Thursby, Irish Guards, Mrs. Francis Scott, Mr. P. Vergottis and Miss Rosemary Earle. Mrs. Scott is French, and is the daughter of the late General de Castelnau



Photographs by Swaebe
Mr. David Martyn was celebrating a recent promotion, at Quaglino's with Miss Mary Mulholland. She is the daughter of the Hon. John and Mrs. Mulholland and a granddaughter of Lord Dunleath. He is Major J. V. Martyn's son

Standing By ...

(Continued)

in other words, Ole Debble Sex playing it up for the psycho boys once more. It was revealed, after Mme. G... had told nearly all, that her maternal grandmother had once been chased by a Herr Vogel (Mr. Bird) in a mauve cravat, and that she had only seen Herr K..., a comparative stranger, once, when he held her head under water for some time while bathing in the Wannsee, shouting "Thou dear Heaven, what a difference!"

Q. And he struck you?

A. Favourably. A gentleman in every sense of the word, I thought.

Q. You dream about him often?

A. Never.

Q. But you just said—

A. I only stuck that in to give you the old sexy angle.

Q. I see. Obsessional-neurosis now classified as anxiety-hysteria.

A. I beg your pardon?

Q. Five hundred smackers, please. No cheques.

Anxiety-hysteria, as a matter of fact, is the old Fleet Street craft-trauma. We'll tell you more about it in confidence some time when the children are in bed.

Enigma

PROPOS mysteries, we observed that the British Academy peeked out shyly from hiding the other day, on some occasion or other, and withdrew its head instantly, like a hunted tortoise.

The mystery about the British Academy (no connection with the R.A.) is such that the average intelligent citizen knows nothing

whatsoever about it, what it's for, what it does, or who belongs to it. A chap once told us its members dress up for their secret orgies in green uniform with cocked hats and imitation rapiers, like the Académie Française; but maybe he lied. Another knowledgeable chap told us that the British Academy emerges into the upper air very late at night, when the citizenry are tucked up in beddy-byes dreaming of Bradman. It flies to and fro very low, hooting in a dull melancholy monotone, and it lives on small birds and mice and has enormous round glowing eyes, this chap added. Many belated travellers in Piccadilly, he said, have been frightened stiff by British Academicians swooping suddenly past their heads in this way. They are also said to haunt historic old ruins, notably Lady —, whose battered but indomitable features so often decorate the Press. All these data concerning the British Academy can be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, apparently, but as we rarely consult that massive work, on account of the suburban prejudices of many of the Whigs hired to write in it, we can't confirm this.

If you think we have an unreasonable "down" on the *Enc. Britt.* boys, look up (e.g.) the piece on Mary Queen of Scots, for whom as Dr. Johnson indignantly roared to her countrymen) any decent man would have been glad to die. If the said piece doesn't give you a belly-pain you aren't the handsome, chivalrous types we took you for.

Maya

WHETHER the newly-formed body called the Friends of Hansard is causing the Island Race to queue up excitedly for copies of the current Parliamentary debates we wouldn't know. The whole thing is Maya, or illusion.

The cleanly and indefatigable Hansard's job, of turning the speeches of M.P.s into English, has long since qualified him for membership of the Magic Circle. The white magic of Mr. Jasper Maskelyne and the art of that virtuoso who saws ladies in half on the music-hall stage are almost precisely similar. Taken down verbatim, the average M.P.'s speech is the inchoate bumbling of a chimera in a vacuum. Max Beerbohm gives a perfect example of it in his essay on The House of Commons Manner:

"It seems to me that the right—the honourable member for—er—er—er (the speaker dives to be prompted)—yes, of course, South Clapham—er—(temporising)—the Southern Division of Clapham—(long pause; his lips form the words 'Where was I?')—oh, yes, the



"Well, are we ready for our little tussle with Father Time?"



"Now, for our first lesson, we'll take the sea. That's it over there, and those little ripples are called waves"

honourable gentleman the member for South Clapham" (etc., etc., etc.).

Maybe the irruption of the Parliamentary Glamour Girls has altered all this. Anyway a recent exchange reported by our Gallery spies seems to show that things are brighter.

Mrs. Owlglass (Ind., West Burping): I have already given notice of that question.

Sir G. Anguish (Lib., Sapsleigh): We can see that from the look in those big wonderful eyes. (Cheers.)

Mrs. Owlglass: Meaning little me?

Sir G. Anguish: I am sure I speak on behalf of most of the fellows when I say that I could care for you in a big way. (Cheers.)

Love, Love, what a (hic) old magician you are.

Chum

LORD HALIFAX'S dachshund Frankie, we gather from a Washington correspondent, enjoys diplomatic immunity and ranks above a bulldog owned by one of the Embassy staff, however bizarre that may seem to the patriot eye. Dachshunds were not so fortunate in World War I, when indignant mobs frequently attacked them for being German spies. Our view is that whatever his secret activities, the dachshund is a far more agreeable companion than the bulldog, whom we guess the Island Race chose for a symbol because he is intensely stupid and sentimental. The dachshund has charm and intelligence, though of course it's a pity he uses these qualities to do Old England down. Fortunately M.I.5 keeps an eye on the Race's doggies, and we can be certain that any funny business from a dachshund—such as signalling in code with his tail to Nazi planes—would be detected and punished at once.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Bertram Park

At the Board of Trade: The Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton, P.C., M.P.

Mr. Hugh Dalton became President of the Board of Trade in 1942. Born in Neath, Glamorganshire, fifty-five years ago, he is the son of the late Canon J. N. Dalton, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., who was for some years tutor to Prince George of Wales, afterwards King George V. Mr. Dalton was educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, spent three years at the London School of Economics, and became a barrister-at-law until 1914, when he joined the Army. He served in France and Italy, winning the Italian Military Medal for Valour. In 1924 he was elected to Parliament, as Labour Member for Camberwell, and represented Bishop Auckland Division from 1929 to 1931, being re-elected for the same constituency in 1935. Always keenly interested in economic problems and in Foreign Affairs, Mr. Dalton was Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office from 1929 to 1931, and became Minister of Economic Warfare in June 1940, when Mr. Churchill re-formed the Government. One of his responsibilities at the present time is the smooth running of the clothes rationing, originated by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, one of his predecessors at the Board of Trade. Two notable achievements of Mr. Dalton's are his utility-furniture scheme and the fair-share scheme for the small retailer

Country Activities

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's old. Judging by these pictures, taken near Peterborough, he already appears of the estate (the sandpit), and in



Prince William and His Parents at Barmwell Manor



Smartening Up Zalie, the Australian Terrier



Prince William would have the pool, but the Duchess of



Concentration—

Prince William

is now two and a half years
parents' home, Barnwell Manor,
an interest in the cultivation
keep of his little dog, Zalie



...a swim in the
...thought otherwise



Photographs by Studio Lisa

The Duke of Gloucester kept a restraining hand on his son when something very interesting in the garden caught his attention



—Is the Secret of—



—Success!

In and Out of Uniform



Miss Mary Colville is the elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Colville, and is twenty years old. She is a Red Cross nurse, and is shortly going to India to join her parents, where she hopes to continue her nursing. Sir John Colville became Governor of Bombay last March, succeeding Sir Roger Lumley



Mrs. A. C. D. Leach, who is in the F.A.N.Y., is the wife of Lt. A. C. D. Leach, R.N., son of Capt. A. Leach, J.P., of The Verne, Instow, Devon. She is the daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Charles Kindersley-Porcher, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Kindersley-Porcher, and is a relative of Lord Salisbury



Miss Pamela Newall, daughter of Lady Claud Hamilton, is in the W.A.A.F. Her mother, formerly Mrs. Violet Newall, married Capt. Lord Claud Hamilton in 1933. He is Comptroller and Treasurer of Queen Mary's Household, and Lady Claud is Commanding Officer, A.T.S., in South-Eastern Command



Harlip

Miss Anne Curzon-Howe is the only daughter of the late Capt. L. C. A. St. J. Curzon-Howe, M.V.O., R.N., and Mrs. Curzon-Howe, and is a granddaughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir Assheton Curzon-Howe. Her father was killed on active service in 1941. Miss Curzon-Howe follows the naval tradition of her family by serving in the W.R.N.S.



Yevonde

Miss Marigold Bonham-Carter, daughter of Col. A. L. Bonham-Carter, D.S.O., 60th Rifles, and Mrs. Auriol Gaselee, worked hard in a naval hospital until two years ago, when she was taken seriously ill. She is a niece of Vice-Admiral Sir Stuart Bonham-Carter, C.B., D.S.O., R.N.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"King Willow"

IN spite of everything, and even in spite of what The Vermin have tried to do to some of his playgrounds, "His Majesty" has still a firm and very graceful seat on his throne, and nothing is ever likely to knock him off it. These one-day matches, naturally, are not so satisfying either to the gnarled veteran, who likes to yarn and jaw about "what the second ball in the tenth over did when it sent Bill Bails back to the pavilion with a mangy figure like 8 after his name," or to Smith Minor, who has always held that to allot only two days to Eton and Harrow was just plumb silly, and that it would be much better if they cut a day off the 'Varsity match and added it on to the far more important contest. However, let me stop before I raise the flames of a war that is almost as old as the match itself, and recall, lest we forget, that there is a most infernal fight on against people who have never learnt even how to spell the word "cricket." If we were not what we are, we should not be playing even these one-day matches, for we should be too busy squealing, like the Hun. Incidentally, he does not like the bowling one little bit, and it is becoming more and more apparent that he does not know how to play it. The ball that will beat him is not so very far off, *because he is frightened*. That is what has got much better men than Herr Kreuz-Verdant Teufelspuk. The real enthusiast would rather play in or sit in the sun and watch a one-day match than have just none at all.

An Echo of Fowler's Match

AS we are now round and about that date when Corney Grain's immortal Lord's mother was wont to ask the equally immortal Lord's policeman if he could help her find "two little girls dressed in light blue, eating chicken and ham and strawberries and cream on the top of a coach," it will interest some people—certainly all Old Harrovians—to recall that a character very much in the public eye was one of the last two Harrow wickets in that breath-taking fight in 1910, which Eton won by 9 runs when it looked all Lombard Street to a cricket-ball on Harrow winning by the thick end of

an innings. The celebrity in question is one H. R. L. G. Alexander, believed by some to be a reincarnation of the defunct owner of a bull-headed horse named Bucephalus. Be this as it may, H. R. L. G. Alexander and O. B. Graham (later Lt.-Col. Ogilvie Graham, Rifle Brigade) were the last two set to get the paltry 54 which Harrow needed for victory after the Eton batting collapse and their follow-on. But for R. St. L. Fowler, who took eight Harrow wickets for 23 in an hour, and A. I. Steel sending down that one with a venomous leg-break, Harrow must have won. They, and most other people who were there, thought that they had, but they had reckoned without the snares of the Fowler. Poor lad, he died quite young, and he was the only son of that famous former Master of the Meath, Capt. Harry Fowler.

Hyperides Sold

THE announcement that Lord Rosebery had sold his good four-year-old by Hyperion out of Priscilla to Lady Yule caused a bit of surprise, and to myself regret, for I think that this horse must have been an asset to the Mentmore Stud, especially in these days when we are continually told that the true stayer is almost as extinct as the dodo. A condition of sale was that he was to run in Lord Rosebery's name and colours in the Gold Cup (2½ miles, at Newmarket, on July 7th). As far back as November 1942 I put a mark on him for the Gold Cup, and said that I thought he would prove that the official handicapper was a bit generous to him in putting him in the Free Handicap only 2 lb. better than Ujiji and 3 lb. than Shahpoor. He had rather a rough passage as a three-year-old. Many people thought he would have won the Two Thousand but for being bumped into that post by the winner, and some even said that the accident may have affected his chance in the Derby, in which he was only beaten a neck by Watling Street, who was never, in my opinion, quite as honest as the daylight, and in that race might have turned it up if he had been asked to work his passage all the way. Harry Wragg humoured him very adroitly. Big Game, the odds-on favourite, blew up like a non-stayer. Hyperides was the most genuine



A Family Party

Mr. Michael Lyne, the sporting artist, and author of "Horses, Hounds and Country," and joint-Master of the United Cotswold Beagles, is seen here enjoying a quiet leave, with his wife and their small son, Edward



The End of a Bicycle Tour

The Duke of Norfolk, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, recently made a bicycle tour of farm camps in the South of England. He is seen here with Mr. Donald McCullough, of the B.B.C. Brains Trust

competitor. I think he had trained off a bit by Leger Day. He ran third to Sun Chariot (won in a canter) and Watling Street. Shahpoor finished fourth, well beaten. Ujiji was sixth.

This Season

THIS season Hyperides won all four of his races before the Gold Cup, the result of which cannot be obtained before these notes have to be consigned to the voracious printer, but I am pretty certain that he will have won it. The other four wins were: May 4th—Newmarket, 1½-mile Linton Stakes, with 9 st. 6 lb., beat Longships comfortably; May 25th, at Newmarket, with 9 st., beat Wishwell (9 st. 3 lb.) quite easily over 1 mile 1 furlong; June 1st—Newmarket, won Somersham Stakes, 1 mile 6 furlongs 150 yards, with 8 st. 13 lb., beating Germanicus (9 st. 3 lb.) half a length (his Gold Cup gallop, I thought); and June 18th, at Newmarket, the Coronation Cup, 1½ miles, beat Shahpoor three-quarters of a length, with a bit in hand—Ujiji a moderate third—9 st. all round. Lady Yule has not bought a pig-in-a-poke. She is the widow of the very opulent Sir David Yule, late of Calcutta, who, if he had been an American, would have been dubbed a "Jute Baron." Lady Yule registered her colours some years ago and had some measure of success in 1935. Hyperides may have caused her winning regard to be considerably greater by 1947-48.

(Concluded on page 52)



At a Royal Naval Air Station

D. R. Stuart

The Commanding Officer and Heads of Departments: Sitting—Chaplain J. F. D. Bowen, R.N., Cdr. P. C. L. Yorke, O.B.E., R.N., Cdr. J. F. D. Bowen, R.N., Capt. M. S. Thomas, D.S.O., R.N., Cdr. J. S. Douglas, D.S.O., R.N., Pay-Cdr. E. N. R. Fletcher, O.B.E., R.N., 1st/O. F. M. Fry, W.R.N.S. Standing: Lt.-Cdr. (E.) A. E. Kemp, R.N., Surg.-Cdr. A. S. Bradlaw, V.D., M.B., B.A.O., R.N.V.R., Maj. J. L. Howell, M.C., Lt.-Cdr. B. R. Brasier-Creagh, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. A. G. Woodward, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. (Sp.) B. Harman, R.N.V.R.



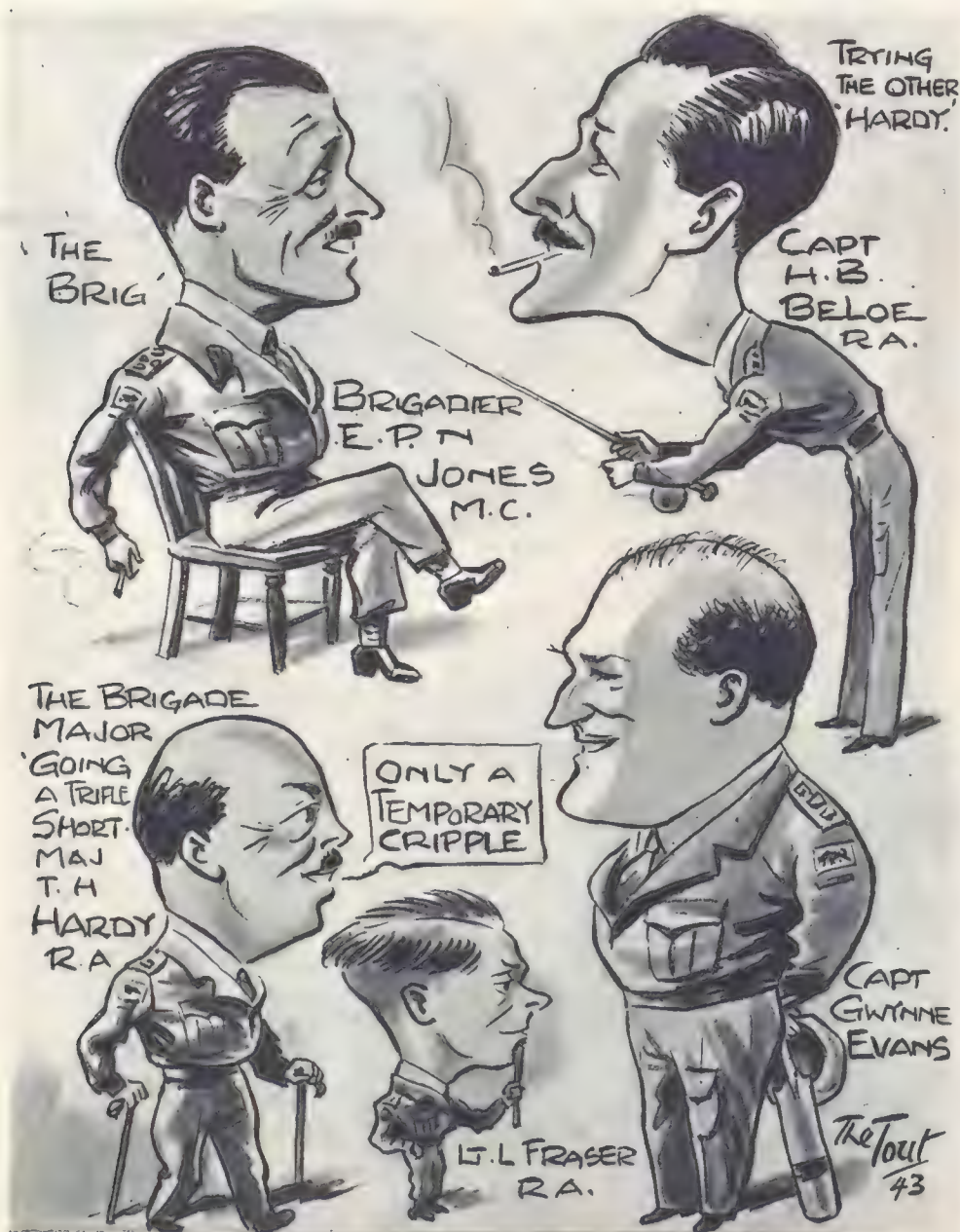
Sunshine at the Races: Spectators at Leopardstown, Dublin

Two Irish racing regulars there were Mrs. Dennis Eccles and Miss Eve Hallam. Mrs. Eccles's husband is in the Royal Fusiliers, and is a son of the late Capt. Eccles, a former joint-Master of the Meath Hounds

Capt. and Mrs. Drummond Kirkpatrick, of Redhill, Dunmurry, Belfast, were with District Inspector Graham Shillington, Royal Ulster Constabulary, and his wife. The Kirkpatricks were pre-war followers of Co. Down staghounds

Poole, Dublin

Enjoying the sunshine between races were Mrs. Knowles, wife of Lt.-Col. Andrew Knowles, Scots Guards, and Lady Moyra Weld-Forester, Lord Ormonde's daughter, whose husband is a prisoner of war



Gunnery Off Duty: by "The Tout"

The five men seen in this picture are well-known members of Headquarters, R.A., of a famous Armoured Division, stationed somewhere in England. They were sketched in the mess by "The Tout." One of them, Capt. Gwynne Evans, was a double Blue (cricket and Soccer) at Oxford just before the war

Pictures in the Fire (Continued)

For the Sons of Nimshi

THERE has just been reissued under the flag of the National Horse Association of Great Britain *Single and Pair-Horse Driving*, by Major-Gen. Geoffrey White, a distinguished ex-wearer of The Jacket, and so most eminently fitted to teach both you and me how to sit on horse—and behind him: This republication most opportune, because the petrol business is compelling so many people to learn how to drive a horse instead of a car. Incidentally the popular belief is that the two things which any fool can do are edit a newspaper and drive a horse and cart. Like many another popular belief, this one is much off the target. I strongly advise anyone who wants to learn how to do one of these things properly, to spend two shillings on General White's book, for it will set him, or her, upon the right path. It is very well done. There is one paragraph with which I agree so emphatically that I cannot forbear to quote it:

It is often said that good hands must be born in an individual and cannot be taught. With this I am in agreement only up to a point, for though many are gifted in this respect and require no teaching, while others have so little aptitude that they are beyond help, there is, to my mind, an intermediate class of pupil which, if incapable of acquiring good hands in the highest sense of the term, is yet susceptible of improvement under good tuition and with plenty of practice. It may even be that such improvement is likely to be achieved more quickly in driving than in riding, for whereas good hands are of little value to the rider till he has acquired (perhaps tardily and painfully) a firm seat in the saddle, there is nothing inherent in a driving cushion to disturb the equilibrium of the coachman, who is thus free to concentrate entirely on the reins.

I should only like to add that "hands" is an expression which covers so much more than those hands which are heaven-sent to any horse. Bad "hands" have been the cause of even trouble, including, and since, the fall of Lucifer. As regards what the author says about teaching anyone to acquire good hands, I am sure that it must be his experience, as it is my own, that "ham" hands are only capable of any improvement provided that a "ham" mind does not go with them. You can do nothing with that sort of person on or off a horse. You might just as well try to teach a flat-footed person to fence, box or dance. It is a sheer waste of good time. Nerves are another difficulty. So many would-be Centaurs hang on by the reins because they are convinced that if they did not they would fall off.

Public School Events



*The Finish
of the Race*

The Eton rowing eight won the Public School one-mile race at Henley recently, by three-quarters of a length from Radley, followed by Winchester and Shrewsbury. The race was won in 4 minutes 53 seconds



Winners: the Eton Eight

R. J. D. Kinsman (bow), P. C. M. Nissen, C. Macpherson, A. R. C. Arbuthnot, B. C. Heywood, R. O. Bowley, A. P. B. Guinness, T. A. Matheson (stroke), D. B. E. Douglas-Withers (cox)



Runners-Up: the Radley Eight

A. G. Olding (bow), H. Reid, J. M. Haggas, F. W. R. Copeland, J. J. Scott, W. A. Twiston-Davis, H. C. Allen, H. B. Cochrane (stroke), G. R. W. Willcocks (cox)



A. J. Bealing

Prizegiving at Clayesmore

Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferte distributed the prizes on Speech Day at Clayesmore School, Iwerne Minster, Blandford. He is seen here watching a J.T.C. demonstration



M. E. Mooney

Speech Day at Repton School

Above are Gen. Sir Harry Smith, a Governor and Old Reptonian; Lord Simon, the Lord Chancellor; the Rev. H. G. Michael Clarke, Headmaster of Repton; and Lord Kindersley, chairman of the Governors. Lord Simon distributed the prizes on Speech Day



Tonbridge Cricket XI.

D. R. Stuart

This season Tonbridge has beaten Malvern, and lost to Haileybury, Charterhouse and Bedford. Standing: J. M. Godfrey, P. J. R. Bathurst, M. R. Smith, C. D. Eccles, Povey (coach). Sitting: D. G. T. Alexander, P. M. Langdon, D. A. Emms (captain), A. W. Glenn, P. J. Roch. In front: J. N. Collis, G. B. Taylor

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

War Novel

IN the years that followed the last war we had a crop of war novels whose realism, whose relentless dwelling on detail, would have made unbearable reading while that war was on. The writers wrote with the object of putting war in perspective, of presenting its futilities and its horrors: the more they did this (they must, in all good faith, have felt) the less likely it became that war would happen again. That flux of post-war novels—German, French, American, English—that, while apparently telling stories, were in every grim sentence diatribes against war, coincided with, and may have helped to account for, the height of the pacifist period.

The war novels that appeared during the 1914-1918 war were, so far as I can remember, on the whole romantic and heroic in character: while certainly not whitewashing war itself, they dwell on the courage of men who fought, on the less painful oddities of their experiences, on triumphant excitements, on comedies that cropped up. The attitude of the reader during the last war was that war was bad enough in itself, and that one must rely on the novelist not to make it seem worse. One can understand this feeling by looking back; in the last war the gap between the civilian and the man in the Forces was very widely marked, and very humiliating to the civilian—who almost loathed his or her personal safety, when contrasting it with the lives of the fighting men.

In this war we seem able to stand up—to a point, at any rate—to more realistic fiction. For one thing, this war was entered upon in a more realistic spirit, with a sober foreknowledge of the things in which we were likely to be involved. The gap between the non-combatant and the combatant has narrowed a little—though, of course, it can never close. Call-ups to work that demand the whole of his or her energy, and ordeals by bombing, have at least freed the civilian from that once-dreadful sense of unwilling uselessness and immunity. The inferiority complex has lessened, if not gone. And with this has come a willingness, on the part of the man and woman at home, to participate at least imaginatively in the fighting part of the war. To cling to ignorance seems a form of shirking. One tries to face up to what is going on.

Even so, some readers may find the first half of John Lodwick's *Running to Paradise* (Methuen; 9s. 6d.) rather hard to take. This novel, in realism and in physical detail, yields nothing to those of the post-the-last-war type I mentioned at the beginning. It is true that, though it deals with this present war, it deals with a chapter that closed in the summer of 1940, with the fall of France. It describes the experiences of a small group of men—two Englishmen, an Irishman, an American—who,

finding themselves in France at the outbreak of the war, had enlisted in the Foreign Legion.

Foreign Legion

DORMANT and Dumble, Hegarty and Bollard play their parts—and two of them lose their lives—in that bitter, forlorn-hope, split-up last French fighting of June, 1940. They are side-by-side with Poles, Belgians, former Spanish Republicans, who have found their way into the French Foreign Legion. All these have the spirit of lone wolves, of men quite lost to their old attachments; they fight not for one particular country, but for a cause that they only dimly see. Yet these individuals, these cosmopolitans, have been welded into a unit that shows endurance and spirit second to none.

"Theirs not to reason why." The men are too close to things to understand the grim pattern of what is happening. It is with their officers—French officers with the old pride in France and, up to now, blind faith in her military tradition—that the intimations of tragedy come first. . . . The pictures of battles, of vain stands, of some few pathetically minor and brief successes against the Germans, are brilliantly done—as is that terrible, sunny landscape of woods and valleys, of contested rivers, abandoned gimcrack villas and empty towns.

Dormant, the Englishman—central figure and unheroic hero of *Running to Paradise*—survives the chaos of the retreat. He attaches himself to a group of Frenchmen who are making a last stand in a hut in a forest clearing, and is, with these, finally captured. He has made



John Vickers

Vina Barnden, the well-known Australian pianist, came to England to study under Moiseiwitsch. She appeared at the Promenade concert, dedicated to Rachmaninoff, the great composer; this was her first big performance in England. Since the war she has played in many E.N.S.A. concerts for the troops, and frequently broadcast for the B.B.C. home and overseas programmes

friends, meanwhile, with one of the officers, Durand; together, they find themselves in the prison camp at Sens—life there is photographically described. They escape together.

The second half of *Running to Paradise* is less tragic, more picaresque; from now on the novel becomes an escape story. As every day brings him nearer Unoccupied France, Dormant

gains confidence—to a dangerous degree. The psychology of his fooling—the adventure with the village mayor's six daughters, the purchase of the orange tie, the back-chat in which he indulges when he finds himself in dangerously tight corners—seems to me very sound. Dormant, as a former sculptor, was entitled to his share of artistic temperament, but I doubt also whether the most "normal" of men would have recovered equilibrium at all quickly after those night-mare weeks.

Running to Paradise won, before publication, a large prize in America, offered for the best novel dealing with this present war. Though it is the work of an Englishman, it is stamped with a certain American toughness, that, given its subject, is by no means out of place. I fancy that no English reader will quarrel with the award. My own feeling is that the book could be a bit shorter; its intensity (which is admirable) tends to make its length a distinct strain. Also, it is rather formless. But so, in these years, is life.

Town and—

IN the "King Penguins"—a series I mentioned last week as sponsoring books that one might well possess, not simply admire.

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

ALTHOUGH "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—to which, alas! the cynic has added the words "for somebody else"—I am still left in doubt concerning the adequacy of this method as an increase of affection. It all depends how far the affection has gone and upon what it depends. Some absences certainly make the heart grow colder—especially in purely physical attraction. This so often successfully disguises itself as love that it takes a year of intimacy to know the difference. Absence, therefore, fails miserably in this direction. In fact, it usually comes as rather a relief. In any case, it is the only way to cure yourself of it if within the depths of your heart you realise—as you always do sooner or later—that there are no foundations for anything as lasting as love in an infatuation which is almost purely animal. Hence the number of husbands and wives who go off the rails in war or any other time, and only remember they are already married when an allowance has to be paid or received.

Too-prolonged an absence can be as dangerous as no absence at all. In fact, physical attraction masquerading as love—as it so often does!—requires the most careful handling and rarely gets it. One soon becomes used to the absence of bodies, but absence of minds, of mutual interests, of the deeper communions which must play their part in love if it is to be anything but sheer mating, can devastate the inner-loneliness of the heart. In fact, time only helps to increase the bleakness

of a solitary existence. That is why I usually keep my deepest sympathy

for widows, grass or otherwise, until a year is out, or feel only half-humorous pity for the husband who, with alcoholic tears dimming his eyes, shows his blonde companion a photograph of his wife, which, if it is a pretty photograph, is exhibited by him in pride and considered by her as a challenge to her sex-appeal.

Absence, therefore, can indeed make the heart-grow fonder: it can also prove a revelation of what little real heart there is to grow! Moreover, the trouble with this kind of sentimental growth is that two people, once habitually together, so easily grow apart—developing in their separate existences qualities and experience which will form more a barrier than a link when they come together again for keeps. Therefore, you can't play about with long absences—more's the pity in wartime. I think that heaven, when it made marriages, forgot about wars. Wars are so devastating emotionally. They put such a test on human nature that few survive the trial. They certainly prove where true love lies, but with equal certainty they prove where it doesn't. Bigamy and divorce will, I fear, overcrowd the peacetime scene. It will be very sad, but very understandable. Absence only makes the loyal heart fonder, but few men and women have that kind of a heart. Psychologically, they are too shallow to rise above their bodies and their vanity and their new freedom.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Harvey — Graham

The Rev. P. R. Harvey, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Harvey, of East Reigate, married Alice Graham, widow of Neil Graham, and elder daughter of Emily Lady Rycroft, and the late Sir R. Rycroft, Bt., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Bingham — Peyton

Capt. John Nigel Bingham, Coldstream Guards, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. C. Bingham, of 10, Evelyn Gardens, S.W., married Elizabeth Rosamund Peyton, younger daughter of Major Sir Algernon and Lady Peyton, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Mounsey — Gordon-Dean

Sgt. Bomb-Aimer H. C. P. Mounsey, R.A.F.V.R., of Yaxley Hall, Eye, Suffolk, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Mounsey, of Great Missenden, married Margaret Gordon-Dean, elder daughter of Air Cdre. Gordon-Dean, of Winslow, Bucks., and Mrs. Gordon-Dean, at St. Laurence Church, Winslow, Bucks.



Ingham — Frankland

Capt. Francis Roger Ingham, The Yorkshire Dragoons, only surviving son of Major J. L. Ingham, of Wighill Park, Tadcaster, Yorkshire, and of Mrs. Ingham, married Edna Maude Lady Frankland, daughter of the late F. H. Fox and Mrs. Fox, of Inglewood, Ledsham, Wirral, Cheshire, in London



Cook — Saunders

Master Lt. H. Home Cook, R.N., son of the late G. Home Cook, and of Mrs. Cook, married Theffania Saunders, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Saunders, of Latchmore Cottage, Gerrard's Cross Common, at St. James's, Gerrard's Cross



Williams — Archdale

Lt.-Col. E. A. W. Williams, 60th Rifles, son of the late Capt. B. Williams and the Hon. Mrs. Williams, of Herringston, Dorchester, married Sybilla M. Archdale, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Archdale, of Ashmansworth Manor, Newbury, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Dean — Mayhew

Capt. Patrick W. M. Dean, K.R.R.C., only son of the late R. F. Dean, and Mrs. Dean, of Mere Hall, Lincoln, married Patricia Mayhew, only child of Major and Mrs. Mayhew, of Hodsock Priory, Worksop, Notts., at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Budden — Wilkinson

Capt. John Hastings Budden, R.C.C.S., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. F. Budden, of Siltan Lodge, Gillingham, Dorset, married Kathleen Irene Wilkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Wilkinson, of Fairways, Reigate Road, Dorking, Surrey, at St. Paul's Church, Dorking



Lewis — Beddows

Major David H. Lewis, R.A., married Denise Esmé Beddows, daughter of Col. and Mrs. W. J. Beddows, of Ackleton House, near Wolverhampton, at Worfield Church, Salop

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 41)

well. Visitors to Mr. Fred Ralli's flat, off Belgrave Square, were able to step out into such a pleasant illusion, where jugs of iced drinks had true blue borage flowers floating in them. Lady Tredegar arrived, very black and white, with her lovely white skin, hatless black hair, and a plain black dress. Mrs. David Dear was looking smart and pretty and petite, and arrived with M. Spaak, the Belgian Ambassador. Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith was there; Mr. Peter Stewart; Lt.-Col. Menzies, representing the Welsh Guards; Mrs. Sewell, in a pretty, pale-grey dress; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Goodley, her fair hair and skin set off by a black coat; and Kathleen Lady Domville, as well dressed as always.

Scenery and Supper

LADY KENMARE is leading a very strenuous life at present, for she is working sixteen hours a day on scenery for the "Two Cities" Film Company, on a canvas 17 ft. long, which must be ready in a fortnight. She has finished designing and painting panels for scenery in distemper, which is a new medium for her. Lady Kenmare finds it most interesting, but it keeps her up till two or three in the morning. Her daughter, Miss Patricia Cavendish, celebrated her eighteenth birthday by a party given for her by Mr. Delguidici, the film producer, who arranged for a private showing of the *Gentle Sex*, after which there was a supper party. Among the guests was Mrs. Satterthwaite, one of those who got away from the South of France with Lady Kenmare and her daughters and servants. Miss Cavendish is still working at her canteen in London, but is learning to drive a car before she joins the Services.

High Up

MRS. JARDINE HUNTER-PATERSON—who has been so ill in the London clinic—and her husband invited people to come to see their new flat on the top floor of Hereford House, just off Park Lane. The flat was beautifully furnished, and welcoming with flowers, although they had not yet moved in, away from the Cornwall Gardens house, which had been the home of the hostess, well known as Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner, since she was a child.

Among people enjoying the roof-tops view, and the good things to eat and drink, were Mrs. Simon Bonham-Carter; Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge, piquante and chic, with Mr. Emerson Bainbridge; amusing Mr. Johnnie Holbeach; Major Maurice Smart, of the Welsh Guards; Mr. Colin Kingsmill; and several others.

Garden Party to Benefit Sailors

A CHARMING tribute to Mrs. Ivan Colvin (who was awarded the O.B.E. in the most recent Honours List) and her work in connection with Royal Naval War Libraries is to be paid on Saturday next, July 17th, when the lovely grounds of Thankerton House, Windlesham, Surrey, are to be thrown open to the public and a garden party held to benefit the Libraries. Thankerton House is the country home of His Excellency the Chilean Ambassador, and Don Señor Manuel Bianchi has given some cases of the most rare Chilean wines in this country to be auctioned by Major Niven during the afternoon. Every penny raised will directly benefit the men and women of the sea, for Royal Naval War Libraries supplies sacks of books to the sailors, Wrens and marines of the British Navy all over the world, at sea and on shore.



A Successful Party

Simpson Services Club, Piccadilly, gave a dance in honour of the W.A.A.F.'s fourth birthday, with a cabaret in which many famous stage stars appeared. Above are Air Commandant Trefusis Forbes, C.B.E., Director of the W.A.A.F.; Lord Barnby; Major A. Huskisson, M.C., honorary organiser of the Club, and Lady Barnby, enjoying refreshments at the bar

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

comes *The Microcosm of London*, by T. Rowlandson and A. C. Pugin, with text by John Summerson (Penguin Books, Ltd; 2s.). The original *Microcosm* began to appear in 1808: it was published by Rudolph Ackermann at his shop in the Strand. All the Ackermann books sold well—you may recall, or even perhaps possess, some of his lovely "cabinets" of flowers, insects or fruit, or the extremely diverting *Repository*, that ran into many volumes, showing the fashions in dress, architecture and interior decoration of the early Regency. In demand from the moment of their appearance, the Ackermann books have now acquired collectors' value; to-day you would probably have to pay £40 or £50 for an original copy of *The Microcosm of London*.

The *Microcosm* can, to my mind, have lost little—except the cachet of real antiquity—by being presented in this abridged form. We have here, it is true, only sixteen of the original 100 plates. But the sixteen, beautifully reproduced in colour, represent the inspired selection of Mr. Summerson, whose text, onward from the introductory passage, consists of a brilliant commentary on each plate. Mr. Summerson's contribution to the new *Microcosm* might be called (to use language appropriate to the period) as truly instructive as it is elegant. That polish the Ackermann public would have expected is not lacking from Mr. Summerson's style, where we find it sharpened by quietly caustic wit and given the ballast of sound knowledge. Here, therefore, we have a sort of tabloid history of social and commercial London of 1808. This, too, was a wartime London—and a London which, though not bomb-threatened, was at war under circumstances not so very unlike to-day's. For analogies, see the first page or two of the text.

Mr. Ackermann, publisher, was able to draw for talent on a wide field. The London of his day, like the London of our day, contained a number of gifted refugees. With regard to English artists, Ackermann's preference was for real distinction rather than mere correctness. His idea of linking the work of French Pugin and English Rowlandson in drawings for *The Microcosm of London* could not have been more successful. Pugin, with his "photographic accuracy and his feeling for subtle lighting," contributed the architecture, to which Rowlandson, with his satirical liveliness, added the figures—they almost move! We have here pictures—in the cinematographic sense one might call them "shots"—of the Stock Exchange, the board room of the Admiralty, the interior of St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook (complete with worshipping merchants and their families), the entrance hall of Carlton House, a ward of St. Luke's Hospital (with female lunatics), the inside of Sadler's Wells Theatre (with an aquatic spectacle), the Royal Academy, the card room of Brooks's Club, Newgate Chapel (the scene of a pre-execution service), a reception at St. James's Palace, and so on.

Mr. Summerson's closing remark is this:—

If a *Microcosm* of 1942 were to be compiled, what a much less satisfactory relation between Londoners and their buildings it would reveal. . . . If Mr. Rowlandson and Mr. Pugin were to meet again in the Strand, Rowlandson would find Englishmen as good-hearted and as funny and as well worth drawing as ever. But poor Mr. Pugin would be very sad.

The *Microcosm* may, fitly, bring to our minds that worthier restored London we may now plan, then see.

—Country

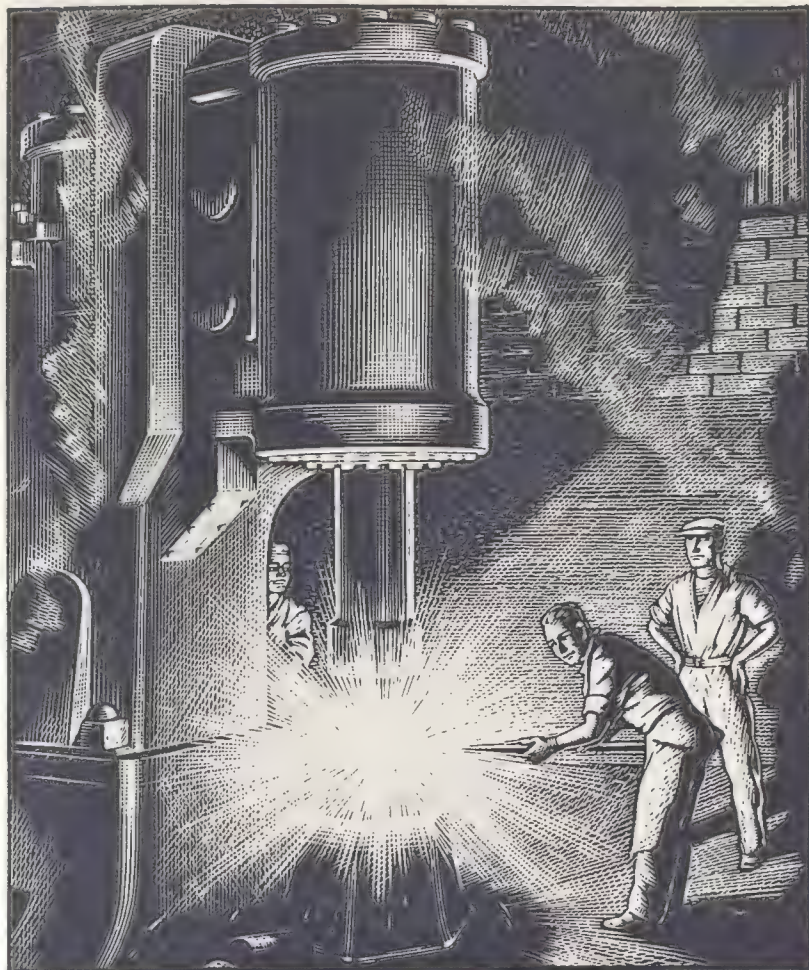
"WILD LIFE OF BRITAIN," by F. Frazer Darling ("Britain in Pictures" series, Collins; 4s. 6d.), is a book not only for the naturalist proper, but for the would-be naturalist in us all. The infinite variations, in scenic character, of this little island are matched by the variations in her bird and animal life. How much waits to be seen by the seeing eye, by the sufficiently silent and patient watcher on moors, in fields and woods! The wild birds and wild animals of Great Britain are part of our heritage—do we care enough that some may be dying out? Mr. Frazer Darling writes with clearness and feeling of the work still to be done—and be done in time—by wise preservation. It is not, he points out, the sportsman so much as the farmer who is the foe of wild natural life.

A hunting community . . . does not destroy the wild life of its area; it merely takes its toll, like the rest of the predatory animals. But as soon as agriculture begins, a new defensive and offensive attitude is adopted towards wild life. An animal which is the quarry of the hunter arouses no feeling of antipathy, but the deer which raids the crops of the husbandman becomes a definite enemy.

Mr. Darling devotes a section to our great naturalists, so often either country parsons or squires, and shows how much they have helped to bridge the gulf between wild creatures and over-urbanised man. He speaks, too, of the meaning and value of ecology, that "least arrogant of the sciences. . . ." Here, as always in the "Britain in Pictures" series, are some fine reproductions of drawings and delightful (in some cases "period") coloured plates.

"Charming Young Widow"

"GRACE has been a charming young widow for years and years," remarks Stanley Woland, himself an elderly young man, cattily. It is true that Leslie Ford's Mrs. Grace Latham has by now become a perennial, though a highly popular one. In *Priority Murder* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Latham is once more active, and Colonel Primrose finds her as exasperating as ever. This time wartime Washington is disturbed by a man-of-the-moment's death; it looks like murder—and is. The mystery, as always with Mrs. Ford, is excellent. I must entreat her, however, to vary her stock of characters rather more.



*A Forging Hammer at Work in
one of the Brockhouse Factories*

J. BROCKHOUSE & CO. LTD.
VICTORIA WORKS
WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS.

BROCKHOUSE
THE NAME THAT CARRIES WEIGHT



HOLDENS

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION BY M. E. BROOKE

All who visit Simpsons, Piccadilly, will agree that everything is done there to give their clients the very best possible value for their coupons. They have ever been particularly successful in out-of-door and sports wear. Illustrated on this page is an outfit consisting of Austerity slacks carried out in fine flannel and a simply-cut blouse, which is available in many colours and materials. Furthermore, really wonderful coupon savers are the unlined suits—capital news is that the advance guard of the autumn coats have arrived. They are admirably cut and tailored and are light and warm. Nevertheless, on very cold days they may be worn with cashmere twin sets or pullovers. Naturally, of these there is only a limited number. It will come as a pleasant surprise that this firm is specialising in the renovation of hats; the results are admirable



It is always a pleasure to visit the salons of Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. To-day, in the lingerie department, they are making a feature of useful things for personal shoppers. There is only a limited number of each individual garment. For instance, there is the nightdress portrayed on the left. It is carried out in two shades of satin and is a unique bargain. When a wrapper is added it makes a practical relaxation robe. Again, there are simple pyjamas in floral fabrics in gay colours. They have received the stamp of approval of women in the Services. They wear extremely well and may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. Comforts for convalescents are well represented, including little shoulder wraps, some being of wool and others of rayon. Fashions for the tiny tots have not been overlooked; they are pretty as well as useful. As a matter of fact there is a large assortment of wise investments in these salons for the younger as well as for the older generation



MELODY

There is a place for Melody in the medley of our wartime lives. And there is a place for Gala, too. For in Gala—a gay and vivid lipstick—there is a harmony of rich colour, creamy texture and permanence in wear.

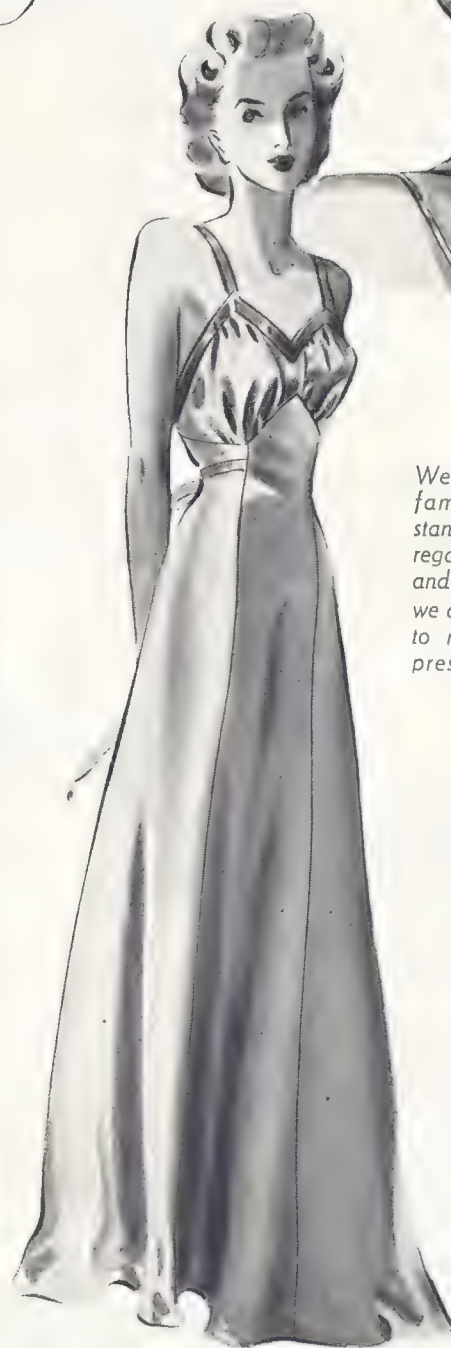
THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN
Gala

GALA LIPSTICK, 5/3 • REFILLS (FIT ALMOST ANY CASE), 2/11
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PURE

SILK

Lingerie



We have always been famous for our high standard of quality as regards both materials and workmanship, and we are making all efforts to maintain this in the present circumstances.

Pure silk washing satin nightdress with attractive Empire bodice finishing with contrasting fold over shoulder, sash to tie at waist. In peach and lingerie. (6 coupons.) **£5. 11. 1.**
 Cami-knickers to match, sizes 34 in. to 40 in. bust. (3 coupons). **63'4.**

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 LANGHAM 4144. WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenham's Ltd.)

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE master had insisted to his negro cook that the Thanksgiving turkey be a domestic, corn-fed bird, no wild fowl. Came the day and the master cut into a beautiful, done-to-perfection turkey, frowned, cut again, and then sent for Sam.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted a domestic bird?" he thundered.

"Yah, suh, dat's a domestic corn-fed fowl."

"Well, what about this shot I'm finding?"

Sam shuffled from one foot to the other.

"Dat shot, suh, were meant fo' me."

LIZZIE came in great distress of mind to discuss the question of conscience, and her mistress described the still small voice which prompts to right conduct.

"It's sho 'nuff dat way, ma'am," Lizzie admitted. "De Lawd He speaks to me 'bout mah goin's-on. But sometimes I talks right back to Him and 'bout haf de time He lets me have mah own way."

A GUARDSMAN got separated from his unit in one of the worst parts of Tunisia. For days he wandered about without food or drink. In the end he found a British military post and tottered to it.

"Water!" he gasped. "Water!"

It was brought, and he proceeded to blanco his belt!

THE new recruit was very obviously a novice at boxing, and as he entered the ring and saw his hefty opponent he felt far from happy.

As he went to his corner he saw a man with a towel thrown over one shoulder.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm your second," was the reply.

Over the recruit's face there flashed a look of relief.

"No," he said firmly; "you go first—I'll go second!"



"They have the best half-crown dinner in London—and it's only five bob"

"SOME busybody has told my wife that I took you to a dance the other night," said the manager to his secretary.

"Well, what about it?" asked the girl.

"That makes you my former secretary."

THE well-known American columnist, Dorothy Parker, was bored by a talkative actress who hadn't had a part for years.

"I simply can't think of leaving the stage," the woman gurgled. "I'm wedded to it."

"Then," retorted Miss Parker, "why not sue it for non-support?"

WHILE on her rounds a woman lecturer for a local war-savings group aroused suspicions in the breast of a police constable, who questioned her and took her to the police station.

She was, of course, easily able to satisfy the police as to her identity and the national importance of her work, and was allowed to go.

Asked afterwards by a National Savings Committee official what she did while she was waiting at the police station, she replied: "I formed a savings group there, of course!" And she had!

THINKING his son was now old enough to begin to learn the secrets of commerce, the successful business man started:—

"There are two things necessary if you want to succeed, my boy; these are honesty and sagacity."

"What is honesty, father?" asked the lad.

"No matter what happens or how adversely it affects you always keep your word once you have given it."

"And sagacity?"

"Never give it."

THE little man in the railway carriage leaned forward and tapped the big man opposite on the knee.

"Your b-b-b—" he began, and it was obvious he was making a tremendous effort to overcome his stammer.

The other man smiled gently.

"Now take it slowly," he advised. "Don't hurry."

"Yes, b-b-but your b-b-b—" the little man gulped.

"No hurry, old chap," said the big man, winking at the others in the carriage, "just take a deep breath and—"

Crash! His words ended in a yelp of alarm as his bag up in the rack overbalanced and struck him squarely on the head.

PAPER IS NEEDED FOR MUNITIONS OF WAR—SAVE EVERY SCRAP FOR SALVAGE



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Owing to war-time conditions this wonderful perfume is not now available, but Chanel are doing everything possible to give their clientèle their favourite perfume, in Chanel face powders, lipsticks and toilet soaps.

Chanel greet their great public and look forward to the brighter days when they will again have the pleasure of serving them.

Any perfume offered to our clientèle as Chanel is spurious and not a Chanel production unless the bottle is labelled with our name and address thereon, in conformity with the Board of Trade regulations.

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the greatest of all Arts as it deals with living human tissue.

No man or woman needs to suffer, to stand back or retire from active life or be deprived of rightful privileges on account of an ageing appearance such as loss of the facial contour, puffiness under the eyes, or a facial disfigurement such as an unsightly nose, scars, lip scars, or other skin flaws.

Those interested in this subject should read Mr. C. H. Willi's books based on his 35 years' experience as a Specialist in London and more than 10,000 treated cases.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Telebusiness

A COMPOSITE, and partly fictitious, picture of the business man, continuously busy, hurrying from place to place, going through papers, examining documents, sitting at conferences, is conjured up whenever air transport is under consideration.

For this business man is regarded as being perpetually in need of moving from place to place at high speed and regardless of cost. He is regarded as the mainstay of the main air lines. His flaccid body must be banged round the world in order to make the business world go round.

Only occasionally do doubts of this theory assail one. The other day I heard the pertinent question put: what influence will the new technique of facsimile transmission have upon air transport? I heard the no less pertinent speculation that business men of the future might be furnished with combined television and loud-speaker equipment which would enable them to assemble for conferences in the ether without materially moving from their own offices.

They would see one another and speak to one another. The technique of loud-speaker combined with television should enable every sort of communication to take place except that of physical contact. One man will be able to watch the facial expression of the other as the conversations proceed. The only limitation will come in when he wants to offer him a cigar. The hand may reach out towards the television frame, but the cigar will prove unreal and the touch will be that of the smooth surface of a thermionic valve.

Transport Pleasure

IT is because there still remains an "imponderable bloom of intercourse" which is not transmissible by wire or wireless that aircraft are likely to find their supporters.

Probably a great deal of business in the future will be transacted in somewhat the manner indicated. After all, it is but a small step forward from the system employed today in large numbers of big manufacturing

works. But for the Londoner to get the flavour of Paris he will still have to go there. His ethereal experiences will not suffice.

Perhaps, therefore, the air transport lines must look rather to the pleasure traveller than to the business man. If so their running and equipment should be appropriately conceived.

Pleasure travellers did—I understand—help the shipping companies before the war. The cruises were a genuine assistance. It may well be that air transport must look to similar activities. The aircraft must then be designed with an eye all the time to the amenities. Silence and spaciousness will become more important. Top speed may become rather less important.

The ports of call will have to be more carefully chosen and better equipped in the matter of hotels and restaurants and places of entertainment. What the business man on his race for contracts will put up with will be below the standards required by the air pleasure cruisers.

Future Patterns

I WONDERED a week or two ago just how much accuracy had crept into the daily newspaper reports of the plans made by some of our leading aircraft constructors for the building of transport aircraft. Some of the figures seemed somewhat optimistic.

It is positive that it is easier to build a very large flying-boat than a very large land-plane. Yet I do not see that there should be any obstacle to building a land-plane of more than 100 tons in the very near future. The big Douglas is only about 30 tons (the weight of a big bomber) short of this.

Nevertheless, I am hoping to hear that some bold and original-minded designer will issue a statement that he is engaged on building an aeroplane for passenger transport after the war which will weigh less than 25 tons.

It would cause a sensation among a public satiated with size and almost incapable of thinking in terms of



Sq. Ldr. R. G. Seys, D.F.C., captained the new large freight glider which was the first air train to cross the Atlantic, thus creating a world record. On the flight, which took 28 flying hours, the glider was carrying a cargo of vital war material

anything less than 100 tons. Yet, as Dr. Warner pointed out in the Royal Aeronautical Society paper which I mentioned the other day in the notes, there is likely to be scope for the comparatively small handy transport machine. scope may, indeed, be greater than for the enormous machine.

The success of the D.C.3, have often suggested, may be much due to its having the right size as to its inherent excellence of design. Its excellence is unquestioned, but it was fortunate in just fitting traffic densities and frequencies.

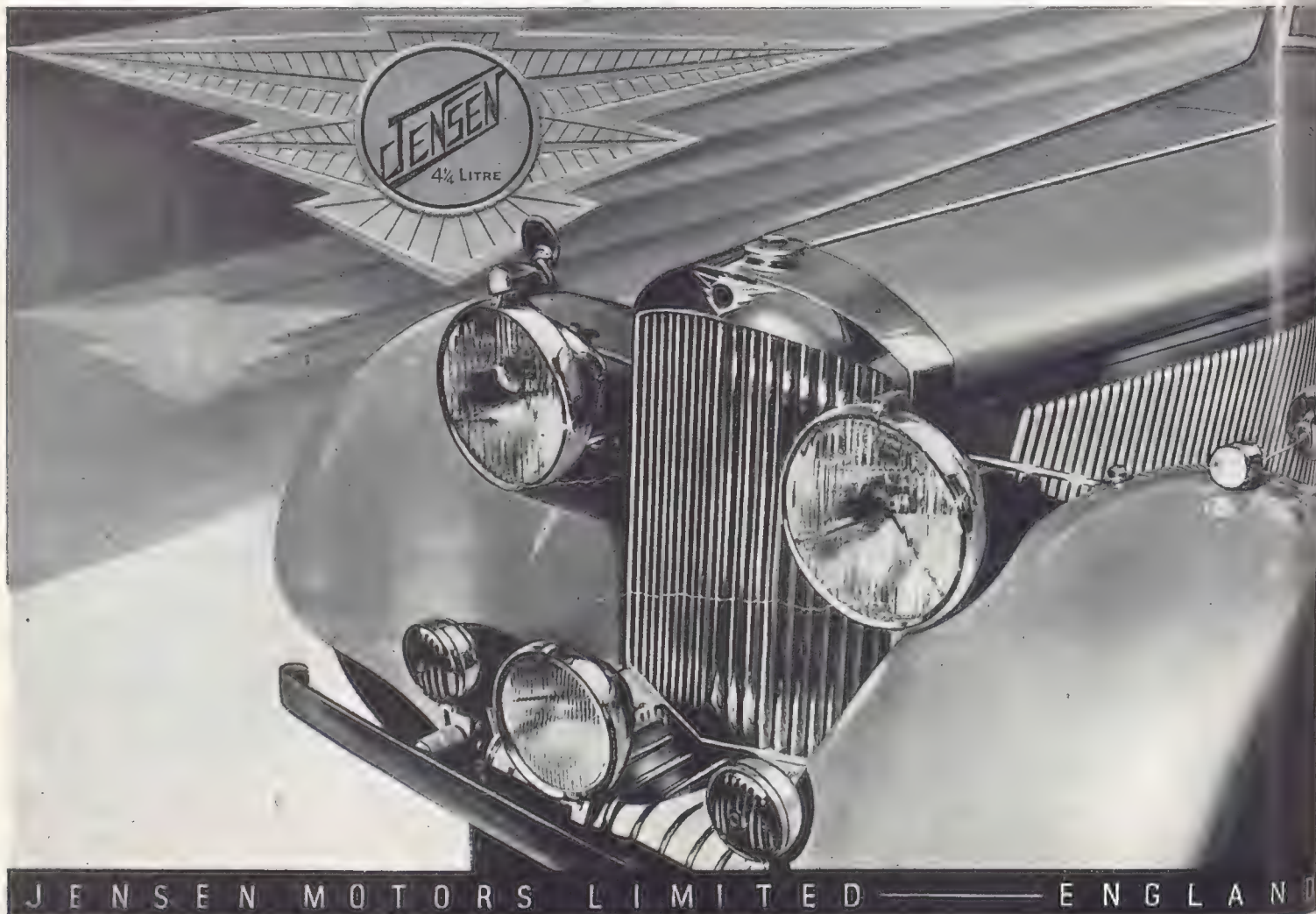
Agricultural Air Commitment

IN the occupied Ukraine I said that the German agricultural controllers are making use of Fieseler Storch aeroplanes for making their incursions. It is a good idea worthy of imitation where conditions warrant. Agriculture is certainly going to reap benefits from aviation. I noticed the other day that Dr. L. E. Kirk, the Dean of Agriculture at the University of Saskatchewan, said that processed agricultural products might well be carried by air, method offering opportunities for considerable advancement.

Fire watching by air has long been common in the great forest areas of the Dominion. In fact, forest fighting has found that aviation is one of the best means of conservation—a strangely contrasted function to that which is its main duty at present in Europe.

Incidentally, parachute fire fighters were tried a time ago and were then said to have proved their worth, though I have not seen any further reference to them.

Aviation for fire fighting in the parts of the world where distances are great is one of the special developments that will almost certainly pay its way. Agriculture, too, aviation may well prove economically will be the passenger side alone that will need subsidy though let it be hoped that the subsidy will take the form only of payment for services rendered and subsistence allowance.



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But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.



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ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

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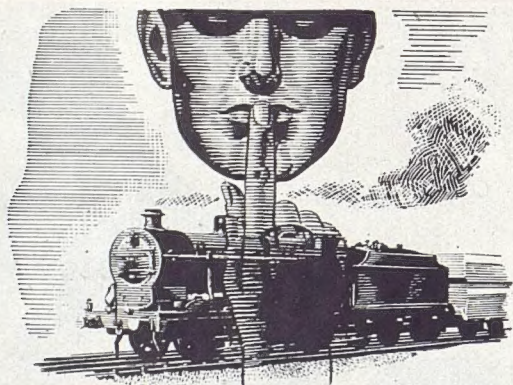
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THERE are many facts and figures about the British Railways the enemy would like to know.

The demands the Services make on British Railways increase in size and urgency as the war progresses—the conveyance of materials and equipment, the transportation of troops coming

and going, supplies for factories, tanks, guns, food—an ever-lengthening list.

Yet it all gets done and well done. The Railways are doing a first-class war job; they would like to tell you about it but it is vital work, most of which must be kept secret at least until after the war.

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"My
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says OLD HETHERS



"No, madam, I'm sorry but I shan't be able to serve you with my Robinson's bottled Barley Water while the war lasts. In the meantime, madam, I'm sure I needn't remind you that you don't have to go without my barley water altogether. It's just a matter of going back to what we all used to do before Robinson's put up my barley water in bottles."

In those days we all made our barley water from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, and that's what we're doing today. Flavour? Well, that is a bit of a problem, but a little ingenuity will help to solve that. The juice from stewed or tinned fruit is an excellent substitute for lemon and some people use a little honey or jam. If you have any other ideas, madam, I hope you'll be sure to let me know. My address at Norwich is on the tin."

Barley Water made from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY

DECAY DIGS IN

The teeth we have now must last a lifetime: there is no re-issue. It's common sense to avoid preventable tooth decay, to give decay no chance to dig in.

The most prolific cause of ordinary decay is the decomposition of food particles which are allowed to cling to the teeth or remain lodged in the crevices between the teeth. Thorough brushing of the teeth after every meal is the sensible precaution: but it is not sensible to choose for this task a brush which because of its shape cannot possibly reach all the surface of all your teeth.



Tek is scientifically designed to fit every mouth, to reach every tooth and every part of every tooth.

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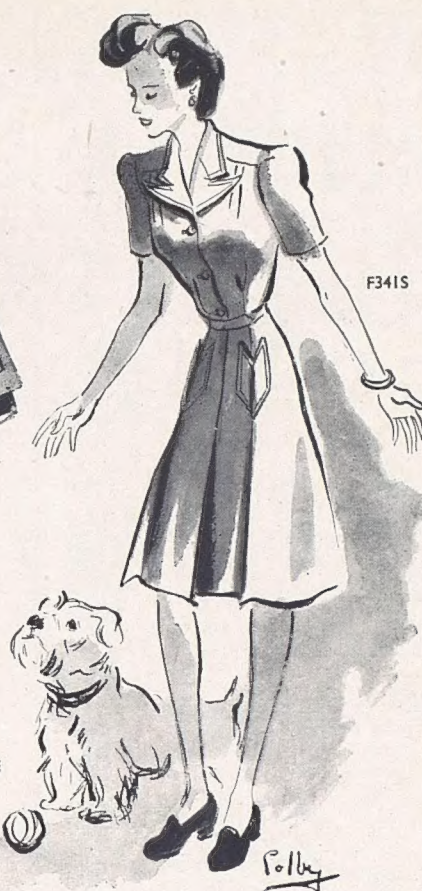
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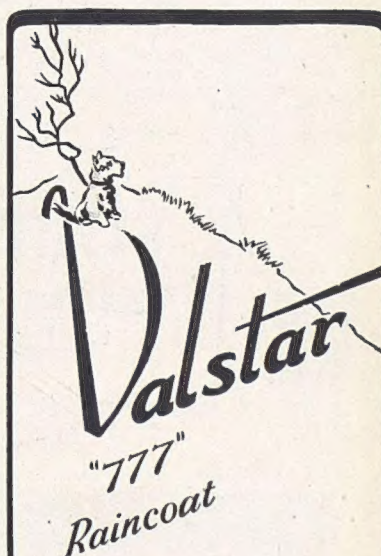
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